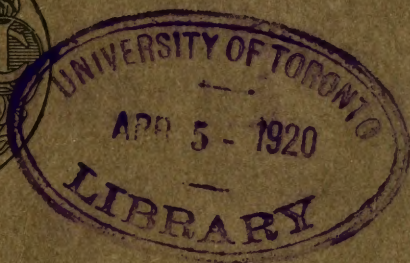


Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

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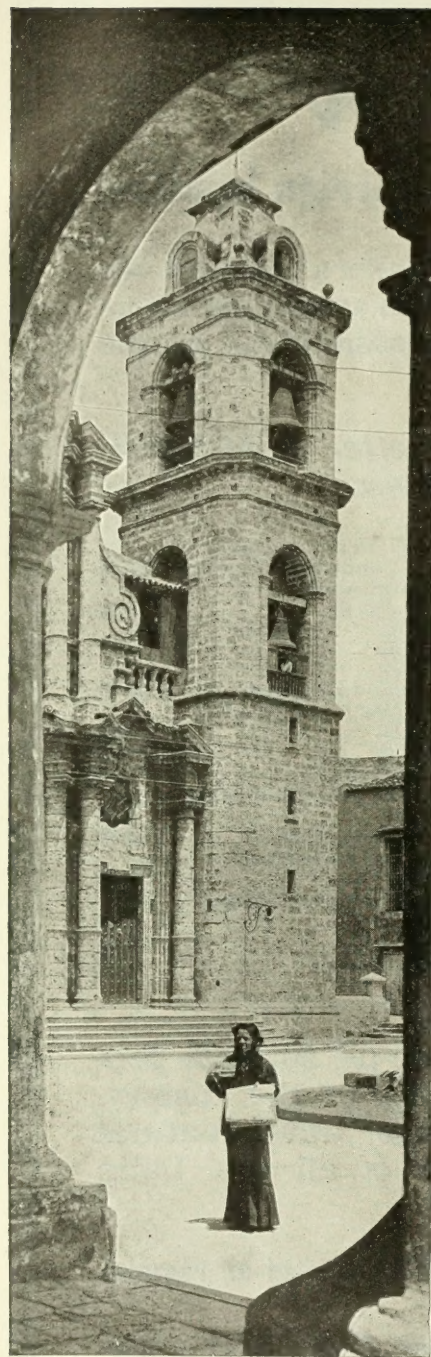
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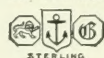
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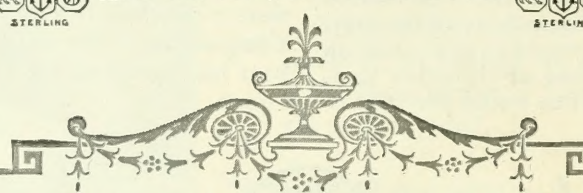
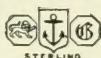
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AUGUST, 1918

NUMBER 6

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

ENRIQUE J. ARCE was born in the republic of Panamá, and he is one of the younger journalists of his country.

PAULO BARRETO (whose pseudonym is *João do Rio*) is one of the most distinguished of the younger Brazilian men of letters, the author of numerous stories, national sketches, etc., a social leader and a collector of rare furniture and bric-à-brac.

M. DE VEDIA Y MITRE is a lawyer, professor in the faculty of history and letters, and lecturer on international law in the faculty of law, of the university of Buenos Aires; he belongs to the celebrated Mitre family of Argentina; during recent years he has written many historico-biographical articles, which have been published in the Argentine magazines and newspapers.

LUIS ORREGO LUCO is a Chilean man of letters who has devoted himself for a number of years to the production of novels and short stories that depict the national character and customs. Among his works may be mentioned: *Páginas americanas*, Madrid, 1892, a volume of short stories; *En familia*, Santiago de Chile, 1912, a novel; *Escenas de la vida en Chile, un idilio nuevo*, second edition, Santiago de Chile, 1913, a novel in two volumes.

BARTOLOMÉ MITRE, whose description of the battle of Maipú, taken from the *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación de Sud América*, was reprinted, with an editorial introduction, in *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, in connection with the celebration of the centenary of this battle, April 5, 1918, was successively or simultaneously a poet, philanthropist, orator, bibliographer, historian, soldier, journalist, ruler, always an ardent patriot, untiring worker, man of action. He was born in Buenos Aires, June 26, 1821, and he died there, January 9, 1906. Banished by the lawless tyrant Rosas, he lived in Uruguay,

Bolivia, Perú, Chile and Brazil, being distinguished as a journalist in each of these countries, as well as serving in the Uruguayan army (1838-1846), and in the Bolivian army (1847). He participated as a colonel in the events of 1859, defending Buenos Aires against the forces of Urquiza. Upon the establishment of peace, he was made a brigadier general. In the struggle between Buenos Aires and the rest of the provinces, he overthrew the army of the president, Dergui, and was elected to the presidency. In the war of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina against Paraguay, Mitre served as commander-in-chief of the Argentine forces. Later he again occupied the presidency for a short time, until he gave way to Sarmiento. Among his many works, two stand out as of prime importance: *Historia de Belgrado y de la independencia argentina* (three volumes), and *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación de Sud América* (four volumes). Two important institutions of Buenos Aires owe their origin to him: the newspaper *La Nación*, and the museo de Mitre, with its invaluable library.

HORACIO H. URTEAGA, a Peruvian investigator and writer, has for many years been a student of archeology, particularly that of his own country, and he has written much on ancient monuments and other remains, and on the primitive life, customs, religions, etc., of the Indians, his productions being published mainly in reviews and newspapers.

PEDRO HENRÍQUEZ UREÑA was born in the Dominican republic; he is a journalist, man of letters and educator who is widely known throughout the countries of Spanish speech as a critic and the author of numerous magazine and newspaper articles upon historical and literary subjects; at present he is a professor of Spanish in the university of Minnesota.

It has not been possible to obtain data regarding the other authors whose articles are published in this number.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI AND THE NAME AMERICA

BY

ENRIQUE J. ARCE

At a time when the American countries are seeking to know each other better, in order to establish proper relations and to coöperate in enterprises that concern the whole of the New World; when they are beginning to recognize not only their common interests, but also their common origins and history, and the fact that many names ought to be cherished by all the peoples of these continents, it is not out of place to study intelligently the series of accidents, symbolized by Amerigo Vespucci, which led to the vast and enduring injustice that robbed the discoverer of America of the glory of bestowing his name upon an entire hemisphere. The author enables us to do this in a very comprehensive and illuminating manner.—THE EDITOR.

THE new continent, having received by an unwitting error the name of a navigator other than Columbus, we shall now relate succinctly the causes that led to the mistake or injustice.

Amerigo Vespucci, the scion of an honorable Italian family that had been rich, was born in Florence, on March 9, according to some, or on March 18, according to others, of the year 1452.¹ He was the third son of Nastugio Vespucci, a notary public of the city, and of Isabella Mini, a much esteemed lady of the high aristocratic circles.

The education of the young Amerigo was left to the charge of his paternal uncle, the Dominican friar, Giorgio Antonio Vespucci, of the congregation of San Marco, a man of vast culture, a consummate Hellenist and a great friend of the celebrated preacher, Friar Girolamo Mario Savonarola. When Amerigo left college, upon terminating his studies, he entered the commercial house of the Medici, who did business not only in Italy but also in Spain.

The mathematical knowledge he acquired in the halls of learning, he increased later by practice and continuous study, to such an extent that he soon became a specialist both in astronomy and in the art of calculating latitudes and longitudes, not being excelled in these subjects by

any of his contemporaries. Besides, he was a great collector of maps, marine charts and geographical globes.

He came to Spain with a letter of recommendation from Lorenzo de' Medici, upon business connected with the affairs of the house; he resided some time at Barcelona, and then he went to Sevilla, in 1493, to find employment in the commercial house of a great friend of Columbus, the Florentine Giovanni Berardi, established there from 1486. Such was Berardi's credit that in 1495 he made a contract to deliver to the government twelve ships well equipped for the trade to the Indies, engaging to have four ready in April, four in June and the other four in September. The first and second deliveries were made at the stipulated time, but not so with the third delivery, on account of the sickness of Berardi, who at length died in the month of December. The family of the deceased Berardi having put Vespucci in charge of the business, he was able to deliver in February of the following year the four remaining vessels, which weighed anchor some days later for their destination. It fell to his lot to fit out subsequently the ships for the third voyage of Columbus.

The news of the voyages of discovery, and the vicissitudes of commercial life, impelled Vespucci also to take part in them in order to accomplish some laudable undertaking. "I wished to see the world," he wrote to his intimate friend, old fellow-student and countryman, Pietro Soderini, and to this end he embarked in the expedi-

¹The date of his birth, according to Irving (*Life and Journeys of Christopher Columbus*) and Gaylord Bourne (*Spain in America*), was March 9; according to Fiske (*The Discovery of America*), March 18. We adhere to the date indicated by the first two historians.

tion of Alonso de Ojeda, who set out from Spain for the purpose of discovering lands in the new continent, it being suspected, says Irving, that he aided with his money in equipping and supplying a part of the vessels, in order to have a right to share in the gains or the losses of the expedition, since Isabel, as queen of Castilla, did not permit foreigners or even the natives of the kingdom of Aragón, the subjects of her husband, to trade in the Indies.

When Vespucci returned to Spain in 1500, he wrote a letter to his old patron, Lorenzo Pietro Francesco de' Medici, in which he gave an account of this voyage. At the end of the same year or the beginning of 1501, he passed over to Portugal, upon the invitation of the king, dom Manuel, and he made a voyage to the coast of Brazil, where he discovered the two bays which he called Todos los Santos and Rio de Janeiro, and, besides, the cape of Santa María. The course which he followed up to this point was toward the south; then, turning to the southeast, he went as far as latitude 54°, and this accomplished, he returned to Lisboa, in which port he cast anchor, September 7, 1502, after having touched at Sierra Leona and the Azores.

He had described, says Fiske,² an arc of 93°, more than a fourth part of the circumference of our globe, and lost sight not only of the Pole star and the Great Bear, the Swan and the other constellations visible at Lisboa; Castor and Pollux, Arthur and the Pleiades could be seen, but in strange places, while in the heavens, everywhere, revolved unknown stars; the Milky Way changed its form and mysterious black points, lost in the distance of the horizon, seemed to make signals to the traveler to advance into the regions of frost and eternal ice.

These panoramas produced a profound impression on the mind of the Florentine navigator, who, being unable to believe that the continental extension of what he had just discovered could form a part of Asia, conceived the idea that it was a new world unknown to the ancients, if indeed this region were not joined to the Taprobana (Ceylon), or were not the *terra*

incognita of Ptolemy or the antichthoness of Pomponius Mela.³

Regarding this voyage Vespucci wrote, in the capital of Portugal, about March or April, 1503, a letter to Lorenzo Pietro Francesco de' Medici, in which he related to him, among other things, the following:

Days ago I wrote thee at sufficient length of my return to those regions, which in vessels, at the cost and by order of the most serene king of Portugal, I sought and explored, the which it is proper to call the NEW WORLD, since the ancients had no knowledge of it, and it appears new to every one who speaks of it; because it goes beyond the ideas of the ancients, the larger number of whom said that to the south of the equinoctial there was no other continent, but only the Atlantic ocean, and if any one affirmed that there might be a continent, it was denied with many arguments that it might be habitable. That their opinion was false, however, and even contrary to every point of fact, this last voyage of mine serves to establish, since in those southern regions I have found a continent inhabited by more different peoples and animals than Europe, Asia and Africa, and in like manner the air is much more temperate and benign than that of any other region known to us.

This voyage produced transcendent results for civilization, as it completely altered the geographical ideas of the period, when it was taken into account that the newly discovered regions did not belong to Asia, as had been believed until then, but to a different continent, the "Fourth Quarter of the World," for the other three worlds already known were Europe, Asia and Africa. Lorenzo de' Medici died in June, 1503, while Amerigo was again sailing to Brazil in company with Captain Gonzalo Coelho. At the end of the same year or at the beginning of the following, there was published a Latin version, with the suggestive title of *Mundus Novus*, of the letter that had been written by Vespucci, and, a few months later, another version in German. When this took place, Ves-

³Pomponius Mela, who was born at Tingentera, Spain, flourished in the first century: a geographer and the author of three books *De Chorographia*, upon geography and manners and customs, the earliest extant account of the ancient world in Latin.—THE EDITOR.

²*The Discovery of America*, Vol. 11, p. 107.

pucci was on the coast of Brazil, and Columbus in Jamaica.

The Latin version formed a pamphlet of four pages. Its translator was a friar named Giovanni Giocondo de Verona, an eminent mathematician, the first publisher of Vitrubio, and so famous and accredited an architect that he merited the honor of having confided to him the construction of the dome of the church of Saint Peter, along with Bramante and Michelangelo. When Giocondo, for the purpose of spreading it, translated into Latin the celebrated letter of Vespucci, he then resided in Paris, engaged in constructing the bridge of Notre Dame.⁴ The success produced by the publication of this letter in almost the whole of Europe was so great that, in 1504, there had already been brought out eleven editions of the Latin version, and, in 1506, eight of the German. Vespucci, disillusioned at not beholding his services recompensed by the king of Portugal, abandoned the kingdom in 1505, arrived at Sevilla, had a long talk with Columbus, and, some days later, he set out to the court of Castilla, in search of employment, and with a letter from the admiral to his son don Diego, from which we extract the following sentences:

. . . I have conversed with Amerigo Vespucci, the bearer of the present letter, who goes thither (to the court) summoned upon affairs of navigation. Fortune has been adverse to him, as to many men. His labors have not brought him so much profit as they ought reasonably to have produced him. He goes on my account and with the desire of doing something that may result in advantage to me, if it be in his power. I can not know from here in what way I may be able to employ him that will be useful to me, because I do not know what is needed there. He goes with the determination to do everything for me that may be possible. See in what way he may be of advantage to us, and coöperate with him, that he may say and do all and put into practice his plans, and that all this be done secretly in order that he may not be suspected. I have told him all I can tell him regarding the affair, and I have informed him of the payment I have received, of what is owing to me, etc.

It went relatively well with Vespucci at the court, as the king, don Fernando,

granted him, April 24, 1506, papers of naturalization, "in consideration of his fidelity and of certain good services which he had rendered and which it was hoped he would render in the future;" and he then spontaneously gave him a bounty of 12,000 *maravedis*,⁵ and finally he appointed him, in 1508, chief pilot of the kingdom, with an annual salary of 50,000 *maravedis*, his duties being as follows: to make record of the new discoveries, to indicate to future discoverers the itinerary they ought to follow, to examine the qualifications of pilots, to correct and arrange charts of navigation and astrolabes.⁶

According to Pérez de Gomar:

In his narratives may be seen the modesty of his character as he presents himself as one who is going simply to *help in discovering*, while, from the acts of themselves, it is evident that these discoveries would not have been carried to a conclusion without his astronomical and cosmographic knowledge.

So, in drawing a parallel between Columbus and Vespucci, he says:

Vespucci has neither genius nor ambition: therefore there remains to us from him nothing more than the disjointed history of his discoveries. He interrogates the stars, surprises the conjunction of the heavenly bodies and coldly calculates distances; he engraves upon paper the profile of the coasts he discovers, and he accepts resignedly the mission of pointing out to new discoverers the itinerary that they ought to follow. On this account Vespucci does not rise to the heights of glory, nor does he descend to the abysses of contrariety.

⁵The *maravedi* is an old Spanish coin, the smallest denomination of the money of the period, sometimes of real and sometimes of imaginary value: the last in use (circulating until the end of the eighteenth century) was of copper, worth a thirty-fourth of a *real de vellón* (equivalent to five cents) or about one-sixth of a cent. *Maravedi* is used like farthing or baubee in such phrases as: "it is not worth a farthing," "a mere baubee," to express what is of trifling value. —THE EDITOR.

⁶In the letters patent of August 6, 1508, written in Valladolid, the king says: "And because it is necessary that, for said voyage, as for all other voyages, which, with the help of our Lord, we expect to command to be made in order to discover other lands, there be more expert persons . . . it is our will that all pilots in our kingdoms and dominions shall be instructed and shall know what it is necessary to know as to the quadrant and astrolabe . . . that they be not received by the ships unless they shall be examined beforehand by you, Amerigo Vespucci."

⁴John Fiske, work cited, Vol. II, pp. 11 and 12.

No one can rob him, however, of the merit of being one of those who labored most for the discovery of America, and his name, although it should not designate a great continent, ought always to be placed beside the names of Toscanelli and Columbus.

Vespucci was a notable scholar, a distinguished cosmographer, a capable mathematician and an illustrious sailor, not an obscure adventurer or a fortunate pretender, as he is considered by some superficial writers or impassioned historians.

He died in 1512. To his widow, María Cerezo, was extended for life the pension which he enjoyed.

The expression New World, stamped on the private letter made public by the press, moved in such a manner the spirit of the thoughtful groups of Europe that they accepted it as setting forth a real fact. Therefore, in many of the geographical globes of that time, the western hemisphere was thus denominated; but, as a little later this name gave place to that of America, we are going to explain briefly the causes that led to the change.

Saint-Dié, a little village of the Vosges, in which, in 1410, Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly wrote his book *Imago Mundi* that exercised so important an influence upon the cosmographic ideas of Columbus, possessed a college whose existence dated from the tenth century. In it resided, besides, the court of Renaud II of Vaudemont, Duke of Loraine and titular king of Sicily and of Jerusalem. A studious monarch, a fosterer of arts and letters, he gathered at his side a small group of scholars, who, imbued with the ideas of the Renaissance, devoted themselves to studying with profit the Greek and Latin classic authors, in order to diffuse their writings among studious persons. In this group of scholars, two excelled: the ingenious poet and elegant humanist of the Vosges, Mathias Ringmann (whose literary pseudonym was Philesius), a professor of Latin, and the surpassing mathematician of Friburg, Martin Waldseemüller (whose pseudonym was Hylacomylus), a professor of geography, at that time both recently arrived from Paris. The latter was an admirer of Vespucci on account of his letter to Lorenzo Pietro de' Medici, and he was

perhaps a friend of Giocondo.⁷ In order to facilitate and to extend literary labors, the chaplain and secretary of Renaud, the canon, Walter Lud (Ludovicus), established in 1500 a printing-press, and having resolved to bear the expense of a new edition of Ptolemy's geography, revised and augmented by the last discoveries of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, he commissioned Ringmann and Waldseemüller to take charge of the enterprise. Ringmann having direction of the literary and philological part, and Waldseemüller of the scientific part, especially of the elaboration of the geographical charts to illustrate the text.

Vespucci's letter to Soderini was published in Florence in the year 1506, and a Spanish translation was at once made and a copy of it was sent to the college of Saint-Dié. The canon, Jean Basier de Sendacour, was instructed to translate it into Latin, the universal literary language of the period. He, by error or malice, made a change in the letter, which consisted in causing it to appear as if directed by Vespucci to Duke Renaud, instead of to Soderini.⁸

The work confided to Ringmann and Waldseemüller was terminated on April 24, 1507: it consisted of the geography of

⁷It was not Vespucci who first used the designation New World, but Martyr de Angleria (Peter Martyr), as is proved by the following transcriptions:

"This Columbus, the discoverer of the *New World*, made by my sovereigns admiral of the sea of the West Indies." (Letter to the Viscount Archbishop of Braga, dated November 1, 1493).

"From day to day this Columbus of La Liguria, whom my sovereigns made admiral of the sea, on account of his great deeds, brings marvelous things from the *New World*." (Letter to the count of Borromeo, dated October 25, 1494.)

"From the *New World* our admiral Columbus has brought many strings of oriental pearls." (Letter to Cardinal Bernardino de Carbajae, dated October 5, 1496.)

Also the Florentine, Simone del Verde, in a letter written in Cádiz, about January, 1499, says: "The admiral had great courage and genius in having discovered *another world* opposite to ours (*l'altro mondo opposto al nostro*)."

Finally, in a map prepared by Bartolomé Columbus, in 1503, to interest the public in his plans regarding the colonization and Christianizing of Veragua, he gives to the land situated south of the Caribbean sea the name of *Mondo Novo*.

⁸There are, however, those who believe that Vespucci himself sent the same letter to Duke Renaud and to Pietro Soderini.

Ptolemy; the letters of Vespucci to Lorenzo Pietro de' Medici and to Soderini, but the latter appearing as if directed to Duke Renaud; some verses by Ringmann in eulogy of Vespucci; and a work by Waldseemüller, entitled *Cosmographiae Introductio*, where, for the first time, appears the name America. The whole formed an opusculum of fifty-two sheets, small quarto, printed on good paper and in beautiful Roman characters. The filigrane represented the head of an ox, with a figure above in the form of a T, and, as a countersign, a star. There accompanied the pamphlets two charts, traced after the Portuguese originals of a map of the world and a globe in the form of a spindle which passes for the best of that period.

The name America he placed on the map about 28° of south latitude, that is to say, exactly where we find at present the northern part of the Argentine republic.

After Waldseemüller had treated of the division of the terrestrial surface of the earth in three parts—Europe, Asia and Africa—he says on folio III:

In sexto climate Antarcticum versus, et pars extrema Africae nuper reperta et Zanzibar, Java minor et Seula insulae et quarta Orbis pars (quam quia Americus invenit Amerigen, quasi, America terram, sive Americam nuncupare licet) sitae sunt.

(In the sixth climate, toward the south pole, are situated the southern part of Africa, recently discovered, and the islands of Zanzibar, Java Minor, Seula and the fourth part of the world, which it is proper to call Amerigen, that is, America land, Amerigo or America, because Amerigo discovered it.)

Then, on folio XV, he says again:

Nunc vero et hec partes sunt latius lustratae at alia quarta pars per Americum Vesputium (ut in sequentibus audietur) inventa est, quam non video cur quis jure vetet ab Americo inventore sagacis ingenii viro Amerigen quasi Americi terram sive Americam dicendam cum et Europa et Asia a mulieribus sua sortiea sint nomina. Ejus situm et gentis mores ex his binis Americi navigationibus quae liquide intelligi datur.

(Now since these regions—Europe, Asia and Africa—have been explored with all latitude, another fourth part has just been discovered by Amerigo Vespucci, as may be seen by the attached charts; in virtue of which I believe

it very just that it should be denominated Amerigen, that is to say the land of Amerigo or America after its discoverer, a man of sagacious genius, just as Europe and Asia bear also the names of women. Its situation, uses and customs will be easily understood by the reading of the repeated voyages of Amerigo that are inserted here.)

Such a denomination, proposed to geographers in general, obtained enthusiastic welcome in Germany, Holland, France, Portugal, Italy and England; which may be easily explained, since, while the voyage of discovery by Bastidas, Ojeda, Pinzón and by *la Cosa a Tierra Firme* were slightly known, even by Spain itself; while only Pope Alexander VI and the Catholic sovereigns knew the charts of Columbus relative to his voyages to Central America, Paria and Veragua (which were not published until the dawn of the nineteenth century), Vespucci held the attention of Europe in suspense with the revelation, by means of his private charts, published without his knowledge, of the voyages of the Portuguese to the southwest, where they had just discovered, along with him, a great region distinct from Asia; in virtue of which, Waldseemüller carried away by the erroneous belief that Columbus had only discovered a few islands and that Vespucci was the true discoverer of the recently found continent, proposed to call it by the name of the fortunate Florentine.

Waldseemüller, having recognized later his error, labored to correct it, and so, in the edition which he made of his work in 1513, it does not appear with the name of America given to the new continent, but instead of it the following note:

Hec terra cum adiacencibus insulis inuenta est per Columbum inannuensem ex mandato Regis Castellae.

(This country, with the adjacent islands, was discovered by Columbus of Genoa in the service of the king of Spain.)

Nor does the geographical chart that was published in 1515 bear the name America, but other authors, it should be said, began to use it; thus, in 1509, it appears on a terrestrial globe and on a geographical chart printed in Strasburg by Güniger; in 1510, in one by Henry

Glareamus; in 1514, on one by John Stobnicza of Cracow; in 1515, on several globes by Louis Boulanger, by Shoner, and by Leonardo da Vinci; in 1520, on one by Aspián and by Vadián; in 1524, there was published in France a copy in which the name America was given to the region of the Atlantic coast comprised between Bocas del Toro and the gulf of Urabá.⁹ The first to give the name America to the entire western hemisphere was Gerhard Mercator (Kremer), on his celebrated globe produced in 1541.

Some blind admirers of Columbus affirm that he in his last two journeys recognized that he had discovered a continent distinct from Asia, and they base their belief upon the following paragraphs of a letter he wrote in 1500, when he was being taken from Española (Hispaniola) as a prisoner to the Peninsular, to doña Juana de la Torre, a distinguished lady of the court, and nurse to prince don Juan:

The effort of our Lord and of your Highness caused me to continue, and in order to mitigate somewhat the anger in which your Highness was because of the death, I made a new journey to a *New Heaven* and *World*, which until then was hidden.

I ought to be judged as a captain who went

⁹Of the first edition of the opusculum a thousand copies were printed; but it being quickly exhausted, another was brought out in September of the same year. The only map existing to-day of the workmanship of Waldseemüller was discovered in 1901 in the library of Prince Maximilian Waldburg Wolfegg by the Jesuit father, Fisher, and Professor Wieser.

Prince Maximilian inherited the library from his older brother, who lived a long time in the United States, not with the title that belonged to him as the head of the house of Waldburg, but under the humble name of Father Frederic, as he was a Jesuit priest. An unhappy love was the cause that drove him to abandon the vanities of the world and enter the society of Jesus, in which he soon won a chief place by his notable eloquence and vast culture. Upon his death in England, he left to his brother Maximilian the title of prince, a moderate fortune and the castle of Wolfegg on the Danube, with the numerous library, famous for the great number of works that were difficult to secure, among them the famous treatise of Waldseemüller, with its celebrated marine chart.

In 1903 the opusculum and map were reprinted with the aid of the Royal academy of Science of Vienna.

The North Americans, desiring to possess both of them, but principally the map, made tempting offers to its owner, such as the sum of 1,200,000 marks, which he refused roundly to accept. The only thing he did was to offer to lend the famous geographical chart to the government of the United States if it would send a war vessel for it.

from Spain to the Indies to conquer a warlike and numerous people, and with customs and doctrines very contrary to us, who live among sierras and forests, without a settled town, any more than we, and where by divine will I have placed beneath the dominion of the king and the queen our masters, *another world*; and because of which Spain, which was called poor, is the richest.

Also the phrase of this other letter, addressed to the Catholic sovereigns:

Your Highness won these lands, which are *another world*, and in which Christianity will take such delight, and our faith in time so great a growth.¹⁰

We consider that Columbus employed the word *world* in a figurative sense, and he died convinced that what he had discovered were lands of Asia.

In truth, upon his return from his first voyage, in a letter which he wrote to Santángel, in February, 1493, he says:

In thirty-three days I passed to the *Indies* with the fleet that the most illustrious king and queen, our masters, gave me, where I found many islands inhabited by people without number, and of them all I have taken possession for their highnesses with proclamation and the royal banner outspread, and I was not opposed.

In the second voyage, upon arriving anew at the island of Cuba, he required that the notary, Fernán Pérez de Luna

. . . with good witnesses should go to each one of the three caravels mentioned and compel the master and company and all the other people who are publicly in them to say if they had any doubt whether this land (the island of Cuba) was not the mainland at the beginning of the Indies and the end to which one might desire to come from Spain by land to these parts; if they had any doubt or knowledge of it, that he besought them to declare it, in order that at once he might remove the doubt and make them see that this is certain and that it is the mainland. And if any one should contradict him at any time, there should be imposed upon him in behalf of the admiral a fine of a thousand *maravedis* for each occasion, and that his tongue should be slit; and if he were the ship's boy or a person of such degree, he should be prepared for this penalty by receiving a hundred lashes.

From the letter written in 1502 to Pope Alexander VI, we extract the following paragraphs:

¹⁰Navarrete: *Colección de viajes*, Vol. I, p. 412.

The king and queen my master and mistress send me again in haste upon the enterprise of discovering and taking possession of everything; and thus my coming to your Holiness could not be effected. I discovered in this way and took possession of a thousand and four hundred islands and and three hundred and thirty and three leagues of the *terra firma* of Asia, without including other very famous islands, great and many, to the east of the island Española (Hispaniola), in which I established a seat.

In it there are miners (mines) and all metals, especially of gold and copper; there are brazil, sandal and aloe wood and woods of many other species, and there is incense; the tree from which it comes is the myrobolan. This island is *Tharsis*, it is *Celbia*, it is *Ofir* and *Ophax*, and *Cipango*, and we have called it Española.

Afterward it was necessary to come to Spain in haste, and I left there two brothers, with many people in much necessity and danger. I returned to them with succor and I made a new navigation toward the inside, where I found infinite lands, and a sea of fresh water. (Columbus refers to the gulf of Paria and the Orinoco river). I believed what all holy and wise theologians believed and believe, that there in that region is the earthly paradise. The necessity in which I had left my brothers and those people was the reason why I should not linger to make further experiment in those parts and should return at all speed to them.

As may be seen by the transcription, Columbus clearly affirms that he discovered fourteen hundred islands and three hundred and thirty-three leagues of the mainland of Asia, that the island of Española is Cipango, that is, Japan, and that there is found in Paria the earthly paradise that the theologians and commentators of the Bible located in Asia.¹¹

In a letter to the Catholic sovereigns, dated also in the same year of 1502, he says that in Cariay he saw large sheets of cotton and in the inland country toward the *Catayo*, there were some woven of gold. When he heard the Indians speak of *Ciguare*, he took it for granted that it must be some city or province of the Great Khan, and that from there a ten days' journey was the river Ganges. He says:

It seems that these lands are related to Veragua as Tortosa is to Fuenterrabía or Pisa to Venice.

He continues:

I arrived on May 13 at the province of Mago (that is to say, Mangui, southern China) which borders on that of Catayo (Cathay or northern China), and thence I set out for Spain: I sailed for two days with good weather, and afterward it was contrary.

Upon his final return to Spain he believed—and he continued to believe so until his death—that Puerto Rico was Cipango, and Cuba the mainland of the Asiatic continent, situated between Zaitón (Canton) and Quinsay (Nanking), famous cities of which Marco Polo treats.

The western hemisphere being just discovered, certain islands were erroneously taken for the continent, and vice versa, the continent for islands: this being a reason why Spain should vascillate at the beginning regarding the definitive name that ought to be applied to the new regions made known to the world by her intrepid navigators.

The commonest thing was to call them simply Indies. In proportion as the coastal lines of the continent were extended, thanks to the successive discoveries that were being made, it was given the name of *Terra Firma*, in order to distinguish it from the insular portions, which were supposed to be less firm. Under this name was designated first the coast of Paria, then all the region embraced in the republics of Venezuela, Colombia, Panamá and Costa Rica; afterward the isthmus of Panamá, with a part of Costa Rica and Colombia, was included.

The name America, as applied to the new continent, passed at the beginning so unobserved in Spain that it was only after years that some writers began an outcry against it. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries supreme efforts were made to replace the name America by another, which, as it was said, would be more in accord with justice. The priest Tomás Serrano, a Jesuit, proposed the name *Isabela*, in honor of the illustrious queen doña Isabel the Catholic; Pizarro y Orellana, in his *Varones Ilustres*, that of *Fer-Isabélica*, in homage to

¹¹A curious detail: while Columbus was taking steps in Spain regarding the case, in order to go to discover lands to the west of Europe, people laughed at him, saying that he was a dreamer, as he pretended to discover another new world.

Fernando of Aragón and Isabel of Castilla; Damariz, that of *Orbe Carolino*, in honor and memory of the Emperor Charles V; the Jesuit priest, José de Acosta, that of *Antillania*; Calancha, that of *Colonia* or *Columbania*; Ortelio, that of *Amazonia* or *Orellania*; others, in short, the names of *Colombeida*, *Columbiana*, *Atlantic Islands*, *land of the Holy Cross*, *Hispanida*, etc. When it was seen that the name proposed by Waldseemüller had already received letters of naturalization in all Europe, and that it was impossible to dislodge it, some proposed, although in vain, to call the northern part of the new continent *Columbana*, and the southern part, *America*.

The point relative to the origin of the name America being explained, it is not superfluous to say that there have not been wanting isolated voices, anxious to display originality, which have attempted to becloud the subject.

The first who began the task was Friar Montesinos, a writer of the sixteenth century, according to whom *Hamérica* (the word written thus with *H*), is the anagram of *Hec Maria*; and that just, as the other parts of the world were called Europe, Asia and Africa for three pagan women, the other part ought to be called *Hamérica*, in honor of the mother of Jesus Christ.

In the nineteenth century appeared the English engineer, Thomas Belt, the French geologist, Jules Marcou, and his fellow countryman, the writer T. H. Lambert de Saint Bris, affirming roundly that the name America is of indigenous origin, and that consequently it does not come from the celebrated Florentine navigator.

Thus Mr. Belt, in his book entitled *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, published in the year 1873, says that in his scientific explorations through Central America he had observed that the chain of mountains situated between Juigalpa and La Libertad (*departamento* of Chontales), which separates the lake of Nicaragua from the coast of Mosquitos, is called *Amerric* by the Indians; that the first Spanish discoverers said they heard from the lips of the Indians this name, which, as a consequence, passed to Europe, and thence

the knowledge of the professors of the *gymnase* de Saint-Dié, who applied it to the New World, thinking it came from the name of Amerigo Vespucci.

Commenting upon this thesis of Belt's, don Juan Pérez de Guzmán, a distinguished Spanish writer, says with much reason that in spite of the supposition being wholly absurd, it secured for its author enthusiastic proselytes a short time after being launched upon the public.

Lambert de Saint Bris affirms on his part, without adducing proofs of his assertion, that the name America comes from *Amarca*, a sacred word of the Peruvians, diffused throughout South America, known to the first Europeans who touched upon its shores and immediately carried by them to Europe.¹²

Making jest of such arbitrary etymology, the illustrious Doctor E. T. Hamy says humorously that with reasoning of this kind it is easy to demonstrate also that America comes from Armoric, and that the Amharas of Ethiopia are cousins of the Aymarás of the Andes.

The one who indeed showed himself to be proceeding in good faith, adding besides to the discussion a great wealth of curious data, was the already mentioned Marcou. With all modesty he prints in one of his monographs, relative to the defense of the word America as indigenous, the following ideas:

I do not pretend to be an Americanist nor much less to erudition; I am only a traveler who, making investigations in order to improve the different editions of his attempt at a geographical chart, has happened accidentally upon the name of the place Amériques and therefore upon the place of the Amerisque Indians.

The congress of Americanists, gathered in Paris in the year 1890, included, among the subjects that were themes for discussion, the thesis of Professor Marcou relative to the indigenous origin of the name America, those who took part in the debate being Marcou himself and the delegates Thomas H. Lambert de Saint Bris, Julio Calcaño, E. T. Hamy, Vicente de Mestre Amábile, Gustave Hellmann.

¹²The origin of the name of America. Bulletin of the American Geographical Society, year of 1883, No. 1.

Désiré Pector, Marco Jiménez de la Espada and Mademoiselle Lecoq.

Marcou in his first article (*Sur l'origine du nom d'Amérique*) and in the second (*Nouvelles recherches sur l'origine du nom d'Amérique*), published respectively in 1875 and 1888, maintains that the baptismal name of Vespucci was Alberigo and not Amerigo or Americo, since the latter two forms were, according to him, unknown in Italy. In order to combat this assertion, Marco Jiménez de la Espada presented in 1889 a text from the *Libros de cuentas y despachos de armadas de Indias en 1495* with the signature of Amerigo Vespucci, and the engineer Gilberto Govi also proved the same by the publication of the facsimile of a letter written by Vespucci in 1492, and which Govi found in Mantua. Finally, Doctor Hamy took to the congress of Americanists a document still older, a map of the world constructed in the fifteenth century by Gabriel de Valsequia, the most celebrated of the Mallorcan cartographers of the period, a map that shows the following writing: QUESTA AMPLIA PELLIDI DI GEOGRAFIA FUE PAGATA DE AMERIGHO VESPUCCI CXXX DUCATI DI ORO DI MARCO.

It was proven therefore that the Florentine navigator used as his Christian name not only the form Alberigo, but also that of Americo and Amerigho.

Contending as he retired, Marcou then presented to the congress, a final memorial with the title of *Amerrique, Amerigho Vespucci & Amerique*, a résumé of almost all that had been written previously in favor of his thesis: he maintained that the word *America*, following, according to him, but one of the dialects derived from the Nahuatl group, was formed by the component elements *meric*, mountain, and *ic*, *ique*, large, elevated, prominent (in 1875 he believed that it meant windy mountain); that the name *Amerrique* was heard by Columbus and the mariners who accompanied him on his fourth voyage to the New World, from the lips of the Indians of the Mosquitos coast; that the crews, upon returning to Spain, spread it among the seafaring people of the ports as being equivalent to an auriferous country, whose

inhabitants possessed as their only ornament certain plates of gold suspended from the neck; that from Spain the name was disseminated to the interior of the continent, thus reaching the knowledge of the professors of the college of Saint-Dié.

Jiménez de la Espada and Professor Hamy completely overthrew the reasoning of Marcou, proving that his were hypotheses without foundation, and that no other origin could be accepted for the name imposed in 1507 upon the New World than that which is clearly indicated in the *Cosmographiae Introductio* of Waldseemüller.

In fact it was proven that the termination *ic*, *ique*, does not mean great, elevated, prominent, but in, within; that the assertion that Columbus and his crews heard, upon reaching Mosquitos, the name *Amerrique* from the mouth of the Indians, and that the Spaniards then carried it to Europe and spread it through the continent was no less than a romantic story of Professor Marcou's; that the form *Americ* applied to *Américo*, is Portuguese, as that of *Emeric* is French; and, finally, that the Nicaraguan Indians do not call the Cordillera *Amerisque*, but *Amerisque*.

It then fell to the lot of the secretary of the congress, the delegate Désiré Pector, to speak. He said that he had been only a few moments before a partisan of the theory of Professor Marcou; but that immediately, in view of the allegations and convincing proofs by don Marco Jiménez de la Espada and Dr. E. T. Hamy, he passed over to the camp of these gentlemen, since in it, according to him, was the truth to be found. He said:

Three reasons have confirmed me even more in the new opinion I have adopted:

1. The name of the mountains mentioned is neither *Amerique*, nor *Amerrique*, but *Amerisque*. (In support of his affirmation the speaker presented the report of the proprietor of the lands of *Amerisque*, the señor Ramón Morales, signed in Juigalpa, August 11, 1885, and a copy of the *Diario Nicaragüense*, a newspaper of Granada, Nicaragua, of August 20 of the same year.

2. The learned geologist of Cambridge says that this name of *America* is in no way surprising, since the suffix *ique* is encountered in many other names of localities in Central

America, and that, on the contrary, the suffix *isque*, does not exist anywhere. To this I shall say *ique* is indeed found in many names of Central American localities, but that the suffix *isque*, although rarer, also exists, and therefore the name Amerisque has a reason for being. I shall cite the following names of localities with the suffix in *isque*:

Cunimisque, a village of Honduras in the *departamento* of Tegucigalpa, a municipality of Curarén.

Oniquisque, a village and hamlet of Guatemala, *departamentos* of Jutiapa and Socatepeque; this name is written also Quequesque, Quequésquez, Quiquequesque.

Tempisque, three localities of this name (a valley, port and countryseat) are to be found in Nicaragua, in the *departamentos* of Chinandega, Matagalpa and Rivas; a river and valley in the province of Liberia, Costa Rica; a valley in the *departamento* of Cubanos, El Salvador; a village in the *departamento* of Jutiapa, in the jurisdiction of Agua Blanca, Guatemala.

The Spanish historian Oviedo says that this name of Tempisque came from the Indian name *tembixque*, a kind of tree.

3. The accent is not placed upon the same syllable of the words América and Amerisque: the former is accented on the antepenult and the latter on the penult; also the pronunciation of these two words is entirely different.

Three considerations confirmed me in the conclusion that the name America does not come from the locality of Amerisque, still existing in Nicaragua. This opinion does not prevent me, however, from finding very original and curious the reasons given by M. Marcou, nor from admiring the great erudition with which he has made us perceive in his memorials certain aspects little known in the history of the discovery of America in the sixteenth century.¹³

The debate was terminated by the illustrious scholar Alphonse de Quatrefages, the president of the congress, in the following words:

After such conclusive communications as those of Messieurs Jiménez de la Espada and Hamy, the question of the name *America* stands closed forever, and I hope it will not be made to figure again in the programs of future congresses.

Permit me to make a brief remark, or rather to propose a question. I have a little French book, rare and curious, which contains a

passage upon the name America that for me is enigmatic. It is Focart's *Perífrasis del Astrolabio*, the first edition of which appeared in Lyons in the year 1546, and the second, eight years later in the same city. In the last chapter, after having described the land known to Ptolemy, the author concludes his description of the *Imago Mundi* with America, and he says finally; "Such is the description of America (which is also called Amec.)"¹⁴

The most of the delegates considered that *Amec* was an abbreviation of the name America.

Besides, with the exception of Marcou, all were convinced that the word America came from Amerigo or Americo, the first Christian name of Vespucci, and not from any region of the New World.

In virtue of this it was resolved not to treat further of this subject in the succeeding congresses of Americanists.

It is not strange therefore that on July 15, 1911, on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the death of the poet Ringmann, the collaborator and friend of Waldseemüller, a pilgrimage was made to Saint-Dié participated in by important personages, such as the minister for the colonies, Albert Lebrun; the ambassador of the United States, Robert Bacon; the counselors of the embassy of the same nation, Bailly-Blanchard and Henry Vignaud; and other gentlemen, all of whom visited the place where stood the press that printed the *Cosmographiae Introductio*, and then witnessed the placing of a commemorative tablet in the wall of the edifice with the French inscription, which translated into Spanish (English) says textually:

HERE, ON APRIL 25, 1507, IN THE REIGN OF RENAUD II, THE COSMOGRAPHIAE INTRODUCTIO, IN WHICH THE NEW CONTINENT RECEIVED THE NAME AMERICA, WAS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MEMBERS OF THE VOSGES GYMNASSE WALTER LUD, JEAN BASIER, MATHIAS RINGMANN AND MARTIN WALDSEEMÜLLER.

¹³ Congrès International des Américanistes, Comptes-Rendu de la huitième session tenue à Paris en 1890, p. 182.

¹⁴ Congrès International des Américanistes. Comptes-Rendu de la huitième session tenue à Paris en 1890, pp. 174-5.

OUR WAR: ITS POLITICAL AIMS AND SOCIAL EFFECTS

BY

GEORGINO AVELINO

An address delivered in the Municipal theater of Rio de Janeiro, on November 29, 1917. Senhor Avelino discusses the sentimental and idealistic motives that led Brazil to declare war against Germany and he enumerates the actual violations of Brazilian sovereignty that made war inevitable. He considers Brazil's political aims in the war to be: fuller recognition as a world power, more favorable commercial agreements, the clearing away of certain misunderstandings concerning immigration and the more rapid industrial development of the country. The social effects which he foresees are the disciplining of the citizenry incident to military service, greater centralization, more efficient organization of national ability, stimulus to industry and thrift, and a more practical education.—THE EDITOR.

THE entrance of this country into the conflict, although to many it seemed logical and inevitable enough, has unquestionably awakened in the mind of the average citizen that sense of uncertainty which always results from a startlingly surprising occurrence. How is it that we have come to be involved in a conflagration of the great powers? in a war the battle-fields of which are so many days removed? in a war occasioned by causes exclusively European, and of which the aims, but a little time ago, seemed to involve merely a rectification of the maladjustments which military violence had perpetuated by forcibly separating, geographically and politically, racial groups that deserved the light of freedom and the benefits of autonomy?

Strange as it may seem, the war has reached out even to us, although the battle-fields may be no less remote than before, and the origins of the war, in their initial aspect, still European, and reparation for the oppressed peoples of the Old World continues to be one of the objects of the conflict, yet not on this account is there any less reason or necessity for our throwing ourselves into the licking flames of the conflagration and doing our part in strengthening the hands of those who fight against military autocracy. Like all the acts of men upon which, after they have been committed, forces stronger than man begin blindly to work, the war, bursting its original confines, has caused,

in certain cases, consequences which are well nigh illimitable. It has been by these self-determining consequences, which no man can control, that the conflict, overflowing the European barriers that seemed at first destined to contain it, has extended to America and succeeded in involving the two great American powers: the United States and Brazil.

ANTECEDENTS

Although they have recognized the portentous series of facts and occurrences that little by little forced even the most peaceful nations and those least concerned in the causes of the war into the struggle and a common military alliance, yet many are still of the opinion that Brazil might have avoided being forced into the extreme position in which she now finds herself. The error is perhaps an honest one. It ought, without delay, however, to be refuted in order that no man may find excuse for slackness or for refusing to set an example of self-sacrifice, on any such supposition as that the nation brought herself unnecessarily into so grave a position. Duty calls for obedience, demands the maximum of individual effort, exacts an example of public-spirited activity, in order that there may be no such half-heartedness in our activity or in our purposes as might encourage the temporizing spirit of those who censure the government and the nation for having involved us in the war before there was reason to do so.

Let us see. The political character and actual history of all countries are inspired by both spiritual and material interests. Spiritual interests tinge the sentiments and aspirations of nations. Material interests are the foundation upon which the strength of the government depends, increasing well-being and aiding the accumulation of wealth internally, and externally fortifying a nation against unsettling shocks. The European war, has, on its spiritual side, assumed from the very beginning the aspect of a Dantesque inferno that embraces the whole face of the earth in its iniquitous arena—a triumphant inferno—an inferno in which crime has seated itself upon a throne upheld by bayonets, in which criminals before the law of God have set themselves up as judges of men, that they may condemn to death civilization and all the benefits which civilization has for so long a time been nurturing upon the earth.

How many of you, naturally sympathetic by spirit and by ties of culture, have not embraced with devout prayers and the solemn auguries of impassioned souls the noble cause of our allies, thereby strengthening so much more that world-wide community of intelligence and sentiment which promises its final triumph? Have you ever stopped to meditate what effect the triumph of Prussian militarism would have upon the upward progress of the American democracies? Have you perchance considered what the cleaving falchions of the soldiers of Prussia would do in a terrorized universe bereft of a single breath of liberty and the freedom of peaceful laws? Have you not at least suspected what would be our destiny, if the invader, who has violated the most highly complex, the most loyal and the most cultured states, had been able to break through that barrier of steel and sublime devotion that Europe opposed to him, and had hurled himself upon our own country, and, in a land still unused to the groans of martyred nations, had set about forging the chains of slavery upon the bodies of our citizens? Have you given that indwelling conscience which is peculiar to the human species the consolation of pondering upon these momen-

tous considerations and of extending—you who are here so peaceful and so free—to that other portion of humanity which suffers and bleeds and so nobly defends itself, the warmth of your heart in an impulse of fraternity kindly and exalted?

This country has come to understand the spiritual aims of the present war, because it has realized what the world would be under the shadow of the sword, because it has previsioned the fate of America and of Brazil after this sword had succeeded in destroying in Europe both reason and the law of right. It is verily a war of humanity. It is a war of righteousness. It is a war of democracy—a war against those tribes whose ferocity has threatened civilization itself; a war against castes which recognize no equality, against men who admit no laws.

PRACTICAL MOTIVES

Such spiritual considerations, however, although justified in human culture and by our common institutions, would not, even though big with menace to our political life, of themselves have sufficed to commit us to such a war as this—a war into which nations throw themselves against their enemy to the utmost limit of their powers, both economic and military. These spiritual motives would, indeed, have been even less effective in committing us, on both the political and the military side, to this enterprise of war, were it generally realized that those governments which are slow to respond to the appeal of abstract considerations are likely to ignore even the overt acts that threaten their equilibrium or their existence.

There was needed a very definite and tangible motive—a motive about which there could be no sophistry whatever—to bring the government of Brazil to abandon its neutrality and undertake to thrust itself into a war that it had ever sought to avoid. This motive—which the German submarine outrages made more and more evident and appreciable—was the product of three diverse factors, and each of these factors vitally concerned our sovereignty, our national integrity.

In the first place, the German blockade

constituted an arbitrary limitation of the neutral nations' freedom of movement, a limitation illegally employed by Germany in her attempt to destroy the commerce and shipping of her foes.

In the second place, this blockade did more than limit: it was actually destroying the economic power of Brazil. It hampered our ultramarine trade and made almost impossible the whole mechanism of the interchange from which we were reaping the benefits accruing to our industrial activity and our peace.

In the third place, a still graver menace appeared, particularly in the south of Brazil, where through our own negligence, a German colony, the product of successive immigrations, had thrust in its deadly roots. The German immigrant and his descendants, through the infernal machinations of the agents of his government, tenaciously stored up the profits which our soil and our laws assured them without responding in the slightest degree, through affection, through the process of adaptation or through the influence of self-interest, to the claims of our national life which would have molded them into citizens and sons of Brazil.

Threatened, contrary to all treaties, with a violation of the very rights that assure our sovereignty; threatened with a denial of our freedom of trade and our right to benefit by our national labor; threatened at the point of the sword with a fatal mutilation of our national integrity, there was no honorable course left open to the government of Brazil save to assume the grave responsibility of participation in the war waged by those who are fighting Germany.

Such a course calls for the utmost vigor and devotion on our part, in full consciousness of the sacrifices which we may be called upon to make: sacrifices clearly set forth in the message of our illustrious president, a document memorable for its lucidity and calmness, for its vigor without boastfulness and for determination without any note of wanton aggressiveness.

These spiritual considerations and, even more, the material circumstances that determined our direct participation in the conflict, justify the moral conviction and

the courageous enthusiasm of the government, both to history and to the consciences of our contemporaries. These aspects of the question have already become mere details of history: they ceased further to concern us the day on which we accepted the gage of war.

POLITICAL AIMS

Once mingled with the nations that entrust their cause to the arbitrament of the cannon and the sword, Brazil sets up for herself, in this conflict, political aims that are identical with the guaranties or benefits which a common victory would assure to all, and that upon a permanent basis.

What are these political aims? It is not unsafe to attempt the formulation of the designs of the government, and it is certainly not difficult to point out to a patriot in what direction the interests of the country lie, particularly in moments such as these, which require not only the clearest vision on the part of the government, but obedience, energy, intelligence, on the part of the citizen, and, it may be, his very life.

It is inevitable that when reasons stronger than our own will have forced us into the tumultuous debate of battle, we should think of securing from our inevitable sacrifices some corresponding reward. Brazil's political, commercial and financial relation to the rest of the world enables our statesmen to formulate clearly our aims in the war. But the people also must come to a realization of the definiteness of these aims. Only in this way, after the hours of merely effervescent and verbal patriotism have gone by, will their contribution, their participation, their enthusiasm rest upon solid conviction: a conviction based upon the history and the moral traditions of the nation, it is true, but even beyond that upon individual interest, which seeks ever to discover in all human affairs some outcome favorable to itself.

Our participation in the war will assure then:

1. The induction of Brazil into the community of world powers.
2. The conduct of our commercial

interchange upon the basis of favorable treaties and agreements.

3. The development of our economic and industrial activities, for which there must come aid from our allies.

4. The removal, from between us and some of these nations, of conflicting interests and misunderstandings upon the subject of immigration, thus making permanent what we shall ever loyally maintain in Brazil, even after the war: a world of free opportunity for the energy and intelligence of those whose patrimonies have been so completely wiped out in Europe that no reconstruction there is any longer possible.

BRAZIL AS A WORLD POWER

We are not ignorant of the fact that up to the present it has not been organization, culture, industrial efficiency or a passion for progress that has given peoples the right to favorable treatment in international society. On the contrary, modern states have won the securest title to respect and international consideration when their people, although industrious and free, have preferred to remain subject to a powerful, centralized government inspired by the dangerous doctrine of imperialistic domination. The result of this has been to set up a criterion of the world importance of states, based upon the destructive efficiency of their machines of war, in violation of divine laws and in opposition to their own true progress. Countries have, indeed, been considered worthy of glorification, even in peace; have won the rewards of their importance; and have secured respect for their opinions at the council table of civilized nations just in proportion to the engines of war they possessed, the success they had achieved in the conquest of the means of killing, of annihilating the peoples with whom they came into conflict.

We still need to remember what took place at the Hague. We still need to hear, as at that quiet moment of kindness and humanity, the prophetic voice of Ruy Barbosa—a voice which even the roar of the sanguinary waves of this conflict can not permanently silence—combating, as if it spoke out of the future,

this hateful acceptance of what, according to the judgment of modern politics, constitutes world power. What boots it, however, to fight without destroying, what boots it to argue, when our very arguments may be turned against us by our adversaries, who know well enough that the very reforms, the transformations, which we champion are incapable of achievement by individual states? This is why human evolution is not determined by the limited and particular changes that occur from time to time in isolated countries without benefiting the larger organism of the world. What would it serve, for example, that in Brazil the doctrine of peace should completely triumph, if in spite of such triumph the country's voice should no longer be heard, either in defense of humanitarian ideals or of its own preservation? Do you perchance believe that any premature assumption on our part of social theories not yet adopted by peoples more practical and more cautious than we, would reflect upon us the glory of universal admiration, and that we should therefore be judged a more highly civilized people?

A fatal error! We should merely be deemed a decadent nation, and with reason, for a nation's passion to change itself into what it has not yet naturally become by normal evolution is a precocity most lamentable and disastrous in its effects, particularly upon a people such as ours, which has not yet had time to become an independent national organism.

In accepting the war that has been thrust upon us, we not only admit the inevitability of the practices that dominate contemporary political thought; we have set ourselves to prove our military capacity: that capacity upon which the world's judgment is at present based. Ruy Barbosa himself, when attacking, at the Hague, the classification of countries on the basis of their military power, pointed out that Brazil, a new and mighty nation of more than twenty-five million inhabitants, might, as readily as Japan, force her way into the concert of great powers by force of arms.

Our time has come, and, with an eloquent assertion of our military prowess

we shall reap the double benefit of securing for our country the respect which goes with an expression of force, at the same time that we offer an expression of our national conscience.

COMMERCIAL EXPANSION

Inasmuch as alliances are not formed solely upon the basis of common sympathy, and inasmuch as, even when sympathy has given them birth, it is interest that solidifies, our presence in the conflict ought to assure us an appreciable advantage. The only weapon which up to the present we have employed to safeguard our products is a protective tariff. The use of such a tariff to encourage or to hinder the entrance of the goods of certain countries into our own territory has been responsible for the relations of good will or of opposition which form the bases of commercial understandings. We must admit, however, that our protectionist net makes a very imperfect defense for the industrial expansion of Brazil, if we remember that our principal articles of export are of such a nature as to depend upon the special interest and encouragement of the government; for in the cases where they are not products indispensable to the world, they suffer the competition of protected foreign products of the same sort.

Who could say that coffee is an absolute necessity for Europe? Cocoa and sugar and rubber, are they not subject to the fluctuations that have caused so many economic crises among us? Does not our infant commerce in meat and cereals deserve some special protective providence? Therefore one of the objects of our war will be the inclusion of Brazil in the economic federation which will be built up after the war and the creation of reciprocally favorable conditions, so that our coffee shall no longer be subjected to the restrictions that it now suffers in almost all countries; so that our rubber, on the other hand, may be accumulated and protected in the markets of the world; so that our sugar may surmount the dikes that European tariffs have raised against it. As to meat, which is now, and will continue to be, an absolute necessity immediately after the war and when herds

are being built up again, we shall be able to encounter competition, better prepared, by reason of careful breeding and the quality of the product.

These ends appear all the more important, when we reflect that with the coming of peace we shall have a great merchant marine to carry, and, in turn, be supported by, our commerce.

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY

Inasmuch as not only during the war, but after it as well, Europe will need to have recourse to American stores to feed herself, our productive activity ought to assume growing importance. Yet this problem of increasing production is not to be solved by the praiseworthy stimulus afforded by the government's saying to the producers: "Plant, and what you do not sell the government will buy." We must have also a great technical organization for which we must secure from our allies not only the professional knowledge but also the indispensable resources. Because to accelerate production, without building up an efficient system of transportation and providing for permanent technical knowledge, might yield good results during the war and under the direct protection of the government, but it would bring disaster to our national economy when the war, with its inexorable demands, has passed and our producers are left to their own fate, with no artificial stimulus to values and production and with no guaranties as to the normality of commercial exchange.

It will not be enough merely to insist to our allies: "We can feed you." It will be necessary also to persuade them to give us the technical and financial means of developing more rapidly and more surely this potential capacity of ours for the production of food. There are roads to construct in order to tap districts of great productiveness. There is machinery to be set up to handle our export trade. There are scientific processes to put into operation for the improvement of both soil and production. All this the allies will have to provide us, in order that our alliance may be as useful to them as it will be to us.

IMMIGRATION

It is the current opinion that we should place the problems of immigration on a subsidiary plane, because at the close of hostilities Europe will have need of all her population, both rural and industrial, and will therefore shut her doors against those who attempt to emigrate. This argument indicates a misapprehension that must be thoroughly removed. This universal war has not visited upon Europe the material consequences only of its destruction of men and property, so that at its close the survivors will have before them merely the mechanical task of reconstruction, at the cost of more intense labor and under conditions more exacting than before. This universal war has set in motion upon the battle-fields of Europe certain psychological forces which alter, and sometimes flagrantly contradict, the rational solutions of the statesmen. Do you not realize that these forces will produce, when peace has come, a centrifugal action tending to disperse throughout the world a great many men appalled by the horror of the life to which they have submitted so long? Do you not realize that the crimes and violations which have left ineradicable marks upon the memory, and that the sacrileges which harrow and torment the soul, compelled to remain in the spots where they occurred, will bring about a mental state that can only be alleviated by absence, by distance, by new scenes where, under the kindly smile of another clime, the sufferers may begin the process of forgetting and once more attain to peace and happiness?

Brazil, as a country peculiarly interested in immigration, can not afford, under any circumstances, to ignore what may contribute to this phase of her expansion and progress. In this respect we have been misunderstood and opposed. Increasing difficulties have been put in our way by other nations interested in deflecting to their own advantage the currents of immigration. To-day, however, there exist between us and the countries that possess this precious human wealth the ties of a military alliance which puts us in a posi-

tion to solve these interesting problems in a manner favorable to ourselves.

SOCIAL EFFECTS

War is the test, par excellence, of the strength and utility of institutions. It requires a ready and effective exercise of all the powers, and everywhere it eliminates disadvantageous qualities, without any serious social dislocation. Such is the effect of the centralization of power upon national organisms.

Here in Brazil, in the calm of a political regimen based upon unanimous consent, certain social circumstances, which might have seriously affected the mind and spirit of the nation, have long been denied attention. This has produced in some classes a sluggishness, a lack of practical efficiency and individual economy, which would have gravely compromised our success at this moment, had it not been that the more influential classes by their increasing activity had so prepared the heart and mind of the people as to lead them, without too great a shock, into the present feverish preparation.

As one can not make war with merely the means that exist on the day of its declaration: a limited army; an inert and unwieldy bureaucracy; a political system designed only to maintain an internal equilibrium; a legislature that offers constant resistance to the passage of urgent measures; men who are doctrinaire and fatalistic; a people who are kindly, but deficient in self-assertion, ambition, and shrewdness—just as war can not be made by means of the collective indifference of a privileged class become hidebound—it is inevitable that the first effect of this war, even more than its expenses and its burdens, will be the breaking down of the existing social system as a prerequisite to the mobilization of the forces that nations must employ to overcome the resistance of their enemies.

This is our situation. Recognizing the German peril within our own borders, we fly to arms; but we also recognize that we must take upon ourselves other activities as well, new systems of administration, new ways of organizing and managing our forces, in order to build up that cen-

tralized and disciplined power without which the whole struggle will be a disaster and the disaster a shame. It is unnecessary here to remind ourselves of the defects, one by one, which our tranquil life has encouraged in the body social. Our social organization has long seemed to merit no one's attention. The result is that we enter this war, which has so deeply stirred our collective life, with hope of what it may do to improve our society.

THE NATIONAL ARMY

Until a short time ago we were dominated by a party that believed and taught that armed forces, absorbing as they do a large part of our income, without yielding any return whatsoever, were becoming more and more useless, a mere parasite upon society, one, in truth, that was responsible for the shortage of labor in the fields. Those who thought thus judged and condemned the army in the light of an antiquated theory which sees in an armed force only a force ever ready for acts of violence. In countries such as Brazil, however, the army has a function more social than military. Within a political state that, by its large concessions to local autonomy, has encouraged the widest political divergence within its borders, I know of no instrument more effective for keeping the country in touch with all its parts than the army, drawing impartially into its ranks, as it does to-day, Brazilians from every quarter.

This function of the army takes on still more importance when we come to realize the nature of democratic institutions in a country which has been built up by immigration. For that unification which is imperative and for that assimilation which depends upon an education both mental and sentimental, the army becomes an agency of the greatest value. The army is one of the factors of our national development. By its uniform discipline it does away with the many unfortunate conditions that an extensive territory and a lack of centralization in our federation have brought about: conditions that have hindered the rapid evolution of an ethnic type or, what is much the same thing, the development of a similarity in sen-

timent, in culture. We may not forget that a country faced with the problem of its own national integration must subordinate all other considerations to that. When there exists this problem of national integration in a young democracy, a democracy decentralized and full of foreign elements—which makes the process of assimilation extremely difficult—the army will prove itself the only infallible agency for the desired solution.

EVOLUTION

Most of all, we must not forget a profoundly illuminating circumstance. A military organization assists greatly in the solution of still other problems. The army, in effect, makes from year to year a census of the new classes in the country, and even if it does not incorporate them into its ranks, it serves to identify them and thus to aid the state in its program of education. This is a very considerable assistance to the public-spirited group that concerns itself with the development of elementary education and professional training.

Social transformation is not accomplished solely by the acts of governments, but also by the preparation and utilization of favorable psychological factors. Particularly fortunate for social education therefore is the present moment, when citizens of all classes, brought under military discipline, are become exceptional agencies for transmitting to all those with whom they come into contact the influences set in motion for elevating and unifying the national life. I have a great deal of faith in our government's attempt to raise the level of the national spirit and to supply the means of higher culture and greater industrial efficiency. Yet I have ever been forced to view with dismay the spectacle of this purpose attempting to work in a territory so vast and upon a population so sparse as that of Brazil, where all official activity loses its power and its efficacy. Now, however, I see with joy the opportunity for realizing so great a national desideratum.

LABOR AND SAVING

The universal crisis has produced in

Brazil one of its incalculable effects, heralding the dawn of a new era for labor. Where yesterday beheld a man placid and half asleep, unconcerned for the morrow, to-day sees an active and happy laborer, with ambitions directed toward the ways and means of securing a genuine prosperity. However, a people so unexpectedly awakened to intensive labor and so generously offered an unanticipated success; a people that has not been compelled to win such resources as it has achieved as the result of the longest and severest effort; a people without the traditions of frugality, without the lessons of the value of things that are taught by fatiguing toil—such a people must needs be informed and instructed how to increase its abundance and how to consolidate the wealth of the country at the cost of its own sobriety.

When I am saying this I am saying nothing original. What I am doing is but uttering in a more popular and extended fashion, although without doing full justice to its deeper meaning, one of the polished dicta of the memorable document in which the president of the republic announced the war to the people and pointed out, with understanding clear and profound, its effect upon the national life. It is an appeal to the country for "the greatest economy in expenditures of every kind, public or private;" and it is incumbent upon us to heed the appeal ourselves and to translate it into a language that will reach the popular mind, in view of the blessings it promises to the individual and to the nation.

SELECTION OF ABILITIES

Until but a little while ago we lived under a political system that consisted of an endless struggle for political power, a struggle in which men of real strength and capacity were crowded out; and even if such men had come into power they could have accomplished little, for the most of them had no premonition of any approaching crisis that was to demand, instead of the facile cleverness of individuals, a distribution of the burdens and responsibilities among those who were most particularly fitted for the task, and who, through new executive departments,

should be able to bring about a complete coöperation between the people and the administration. The opportunity of the moment is that of an effective adjustment between the spirit of Brazil and the needs of Brazil. This will give the country what, even in peace, a country must needs have: an absolute coöperation between the intelligence that originates and the ability that executes.

HARMONY AND ACTIVITY

When this combination of the various forces of the state has been achieved, what will be lacking but the immediate and vigorous impulse toward an activity designed to meet fully the demands of the war and its grave consequences? Brazil will then be a nation thoroughly organized for its own ends, justifying with well improved resources its entrance into the alliance by its efficient contribution and its loyal and reliable aid, wherever it be called, whether in the field of industry or in the field of war, in the realm of morals or in the realm of mind.

DAYS OF GREATNESS

Only thus shall we be great. Only thus, facing reality as one faces the mirror he holds before him, shall we understand the historic mission of our country, shall we set up in our hearts a conscious life, shall we feel the glory of occupying so large a portion of the planet, furnishing not only to our own life, but to the life of the world, a blood rich in energy, in youth and in health. Only thus will Brazil be, in very truth, a patria, defended by walls which shall not be weapons alone, but shall be built of masonry in which the heart is the stone and the mind the cement.

HUMANITY

My country, I have seen thee in a dream! To the eyes of my affection thou didst bear the likeness of virile yet tranquil strength, and thou didst exhibit among the cords of thy powerful muscles the scars of wounds which thy sound health had already quickly caused to heal. Thou didst look back pensively upon thine own land, from which it seemed thou hadst gone far

away, and in the sweetness of that vision, which the brilliance of thy tropical eyes bedewed with yet more sweetness, I essayed to speak. Thou didst reply: "I come from the bosom of humanity, and I am one with humanity: now, only be-

cause I have fought, because I have suffered with its destinies. I return to my plains, to my fields, and I will begin from to-day to infuse in the hearts of my people, by means of these wounds, the revelation of a new and everlasting, universal life."



AGUSTÍN ÁLVAREZ

BY

ARTURO DE LA MOTA

The author, holding that the political and social conditions of Argentina are unsatisfactory, presents Agustín Álvarez as an exemplar in character, and his ideas as a wholesome offset to what he conceives to be the dangerous tendencies of both the national leaders and of the Argentine people in general.—THE EDITOR.

In North America they learn to work and to govern; in South America they learn to pray and to obey.—*La herencia moral de los pueblos hispanoamericanos: Revista de Filosofía*, year 1, number 3.

I

ÁLVAREZ AND THE PRESENT HOUR

IT WILL never be more opportune and interesting to study Agustín Álvarez than at the present moment, both for what the man, his life and his work contain of allurements and significance, and to contrast him with the uncertainty and the retrogression of the hour. Winds of reaction blow from every quarter; and mournful times are they that are speeding, and more mournful, perhaps, are those that are drawing near. It is a reaction at once creole and religious. The barbarous past returns again to the scene, with its primal violence, its "national worship of courage" and its deification of the leader, of the providential man in his sphinx-like mutism. Dogma striving to choke liberty and free examination. The master exerting himself to annul criticism and fiscalization. In short, the two fatal formulas of humanity: an irresponsible government and the enslaving gods, that is to say, political reaction and religious reaction. A dangerous social condition, forms dangerous to new peoples, who have need of youthful sap and fresh ideals.

Ours is not the alarmism of the pessimist: we view social phenomena objectively, applying the soft pedal to passion and enthusiasm.

According to the affirmation of a humorous writer, a clever juggler of para-

doxes, "everything in the country had become half-breed: commerce, labor, agriculture, cows, horses, sheep; the only thing that had kept itself genuinely creole was politics; and it was the only thing that was not going well"¹—perhaps the only truth in the entire book. This is the policy that endures, that triumphs: purely empirical and sentimental and personal. Neither economical nor social nor scientific. It is made up of sonorous words, theatrical gestures, histrionic declamations, without an economic idea, without a philosophical principle or a social purpose to determine it. It is the old policy that returns—or rather that continues—in spite of the change of some men for others, and of the prosopopeic declamations of the courtiers around the capitol: that is, the policy of Tartuffe, who already finds *Light of Day*² here in her peregrination through America, when, tired of living in Europe, she made her journey incognita through these lands, according to the delightful creation of Alberdi. The señor Tartuffe is an old acquaintance of ours. To Alberdi, he was a familiar personage. See how he pictures the ideal type of his mandatory with qualities also ideal. He says:

He must have in appearance all the attributes of command, but in reality he ought to lack them all; for if a single one of them accompanies him, this will be sufficient to render it impossible for him ever to attain power. With the exterior of a born warrior, he must be more governable than a slave; he should be a helm with the air of a helmsman, a machine with the figure of a machinist, a sheep with the skin

¹Julio Costa: *El presidente*.

²The allegorical heroine of Juan Bautista Alberdi's *Luci del día en América*.—THE EDITOR.

of a lion, a hare with the hide of a hyena, a consummate rascal with the grave air of honor becoming a man. He must be a liar by birth, and at the same time the scourge of liars, in order to assume the mein of one who hates a lie. Character is an embarrassment and the vice of telling the truth is another. He who loves power and aspires to attain it must let his hand be mutilated rather than open it, if it be filled with truth: for truth and power are antitheses. He ought to have a talent for hiding truth by means of speech and the press. Phrases govern the world, provided they be empty; for phrases, like a drum, make more noise the more hollow they are.³

This admirable page of the eminent public man seems to have been written for our epoch. The fantastic land of his quixotry, which is none other than this one that we ourselves know, always was and continues to be propitious for the Tartuffes who have even taken the side of the sovereign people. . . .

Says a respectable author:

Deluded and criminal, Gracchi or night-shades, thier brilliant phraseology only serves to deceive the credulous and drag them to perdition. What a sad picture, that of these corroded nations, in which a rich façade conceals an edifice in ruins, and in which the pomp of civilization only serves to mask the decrepitude and the vices of decadence.⁴

The retrogression of this hour of history is undeniable. It is a state of genuine political pathology. Facts there are by the heap to prove the seriousness of this assertion; it is sufficient to attend serenely to the social environment in order to perceive it. It is "the shed of the ancient farce," as Benavente would say. It is not a case of lamenting or trembling, however: let us keep up our courage, and let us betake ourselves to Agustín Álvarez. Let us study him and meditate upon his work, with its many social tendencies, fruitful and serious in its teachings, which, in the strong warp of his thought, will strengthen our spirits; in his austere life we shall find a pattern to imitate, and in the harvest of the sower we shall find the good seed—still unfruitful—in order to scatter it to all the winds, with the assurance that we shall

contribute to the social and moral betterment of this piece of earth on which it falls to us to live and operate.

II

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

For my part, I must confess with shame that I did not know Álvarez until a little after I was twenty years old, which means to say, in his work as the thinker, moralist, sociologist and educator that he was in the highest conception of the word. His vast, complex and unusual works are scattered through many volumes of philosophy, education, politics and sociology, written in a style so characteristic, so much his own, that it is unmistakable among that of a thousand.

I had not known Álvarez before. On the other hand, I am not sure that I should have comprehended, in all its intensity and purpose, the value of his writings and works, in the first youth in which we have more taste for the phrase than sounds, for the clause harmonious to the ear, than for its contents or substance. It is not my fault, however; in my remote native city the master was a stranger, and he will continue to be so for none knows how long. There, where according to a saying of his, both exact and mortifying, they spend more tallow and wax in the manufacture of candles than in soap for hygiene, it is clear that Álvarez and his ideas could not enter except as contraband. The surrounding medium is frankly hostile to them. He is overlooked as Ameghino is overlooked; they are known only by name. Darwin and Comte have scarcely more than one or two unfaithful disciples. How indeed was it to be heard—the voice of the laic master, the philosopher of liberty, the acute and mordant critic of our people and our social pathology, if these provincial societies are the exponent of the Hispano-colonial past, with all its prejudices and routine? Could the voice of Álvarez, his strong, rough criticism, be heard against all those religious dogmas where the gentle, serene, episcopal spirit of Father Esquiú still presides over the life of the people with his sermons in the odor of sanctity?

His thought therefore could not be perceived amid the deafening notes of the bells

³Alberdi: *Luç del día*.

⁴Martín García Merou: *Alberdi*.

set flying daily for the greater glory of God, the singing in the religious houses and the people's beggarly poverty of mind. It can easily be understood that, among the towns of the provinces, where fanaticism takes such curious forms, and where, we could affirm without exaggeration, one learns only to say his prayers and to despise manual labor, a thinker of his stock and of the strong texture of his criticism would be systematically excluded. So this virtuoso in thought is almost a stranger; only to-day does he begin to be known. On the other hand, the *gaucho* and pettifogging press, which has for the Tartuffe an easy and generous applause, maintained toward him its silence of war. This is well understood.

Creole politics could not go to seek in his works a pertinent phrase to ornament its discourses, with the indispensable quotation, because he did not have it catalogued in a *Manual of Pathology*.⁵ The lawyer, more or less of a legalist and complicator, the black-leg shyster—in short, the interminable series of those who fell beneath the biting edge of his pen, and all that enormous legion of "good" people with whom we are thrown daily, who live by offering worship to the most crass and ridiculous prejudices—could not be friendly to Álvarez, and to-day they must handle his name and his works with ill disguised rage.

Things, men, customs, habits, routines, prejudices, hereditary rights, social sediments, all are focused beneath the luminous disk of the lantern of this man hunting for knowledge and goodness.

He prods, removes, cuts, the diseased, the evil with his implacable bistoury. Everything falls beneath his dissection and analysis. Along with the diagnosis of the disease, he cites the remedy for its cure, although it be a cautery here and an amputation there.

His humorism of the provinces releases itself in sarcasm; in the light and hardly perceptible smile of mockery—which I imagine constantly spreading the suture of his lips; in the fine and mordant criticism of the social sectarisms, those petri-

fied organs that strive to discourage the spirit of observation and experimentation of scientific positivism without revealed truths or immutable truths; ever having the adequate phrase, the opportune quotation, the caustic saying for all these things that are so ugly and so much ours.

What makes the value of his work stand out most in marked relief, however, is that all of it, like himself, was the product of his own effort. An orphan boy, he early knew the sorrow of life, that is, he had to be prematurely a man; but this did not quench his spirit's thirst for perfection, his fervid craving for knowledge, nor weaken his vigorous and decided temperament. Hé came to Buenos Aires—the much sighed-for Buenos Aires, the astounding and golden city, the indispensable stage of all consecrations—not without having before given proofs of his energetic character by heading a student revolt in the national college of Mendoza, where he took his course of secondary studies. So therefore, without gold in his bag, but with great boldness for the strife, he arrived at the cosmopolis to have a hand-to-hand encounter with life. He was formed in study and work only, without mental directors, without guides, without tutors for his intelligence—the worst of calamities—following his vocation sometimes, impelled by necessity at others, until he found a definite direction for his spirit, at more than midway of his existence, following at once along the road of progress until his death.

This quality of being the product of his work, of not owing anything of his prestige and his acquired worth to any one, is to be later a source of his pride, of legitimate pride, in truth, which he will express repeatedly, according to the word of his biographers, in the pertinent and expressive English phrase: "self-made man."

The vocation of great characters is usually an apostolate of an idea—as said a contemporary writer⁶ apropos of our beloved thinker, and Álvarez had all the characteristics of the apostle: impregnable faith, that made him persist in his tena-

⁵A reference of Álvarez's *Manual de patología política*.—THE EDITOR.

⁶Joaquín V. González: prologue to *La creación del mundo moral*, edition of *La cultura argentina*.

cious struggle in a hostile environment, his visionary gaze fixed upon a humanitarian ideal of social perfection and a beautiful and better life for all through the diffusion of culture, since he understood that education forms a second nature, believing

that he is able to change through the medium of the school a nation of rogues into a nation of honest people, and a land of misery and maledictions into a land of prosperity and blessings.⁷

This is the fiery passion that is disclosed through his social criticism under its manifold facets, although it is addressed more to the reason than to the sentiments, prefers the brain to the heart and seeks serene reflection rather than an easily impressionable affectivity. Finally, to him belongs that simplicity of the writer, that lack of prejudice in the man, proverbially his, which consists in forgetfulness of his own person, in order to devote himself to others, to the worship of an idea or an ideal, which is wont to be the constant obsession of the predestined.

The man—his whole life, his spirit tempered by adversity and disappointments—is reflected in his work as a writer: so clear, so luminous is the image that what is said about a man and his style is never more exact than in his case. As Alicia Moreau says:

And the personality of its author is so much reflected in his book that, in reading it, it seems there springs from between the pages that original silhouette of his, simple and modest without affectation, the sober and polite gesture, the serene look, the smile of kindness finely tinged with irony; the author is in his work as the work in its author, for never was a man better qualified to speak to his neighbors of morality.⁸

In Agustín Álvarez we should seek in vain for that unity, that spiritual consequence, which other writers and thinkers often have, between their youth and their full maturity. It did not exist in him. Life obliged him, like so many others, to follow directions which were perhaps not the favorite ones of his temperament, and thus we see him frequently change his course. Many activities distracted and

preoccupied his existence: first, a soldier—and this is all the more surprising with reference to Álvarez—afterward a lawyer, journalist, judge, writer, deputy, university professor.

The time passed in the different fields of his activity will not be spent in vain, however: he will go on piling up data, diverse notes, accumulating observations, serving apprenticeship in the nature of men and things, in customs and habits; penetrating errors, deformities, ancestral vices, perhaps always with his smile of a good man "tinged with irony," all of which will serve him in his subsequent labors of criticism and consultation, as a writer on customs and as a moral philosopher.

This very fact will cause him to be hated by all the Hispano-colonial past, which will feel for him a sacred horror, such as it felt for other great thinkers of ours—Sarmiento and Alberdi: a past which has molded its type of individuals and societies, resigned to the point of fatalism, superstitious, fanatical and lazy, as a consequence of the wretched political system,—the feudalism of the land joined with a detestable economic system—and, above all, as a product of the morphine absorbed by centuries of Christianity, which, in its anxiety to cultivate the soul for the other life, has neglected this "lean earthly life," thus forming societies opposed to hygiene, to culture and to work, with little aptitude for civilization and technical progress, and with their morality of renunciation, sorrow and bitterness, so depressive of personality, that later he is tenaciously to combat, knowing how deep are its roots and how extended they are, he himself being fervid in science, yet not properly a man of science. Therefore he will strive to trace the foundations of a new moral world, based upon the culture of life, of beauty, of inner and outer liberty by means of the education of the individual in the virtue and liberty that bestow wisdom. On this account also he will be a Europeanist, coinciding again in this, as in his passion for popular education, with Sarmiento, since above all, he was a zealot of the Anglo-Saxon type. He will exert himself to better the individual, working in the creole leaven, according to the

⁷¿Adónde vamos?

⁸Agustín Álvarez, *Revista de Filosofía*, year I, number 3.

model of the north, and understanding that he will thus improve the collectivity. Full of a wholesome optimism, he confided in the future, working the hard mortar, without fear of injuring his hands.

He worked for the future, generous and disinterested, having faith in it, holding that "all the ideals of the present can be realized in the future, as all of the dreams of the past are exceeded in the present."

We are not making here a critical study. We are simply outlining, without greater pretension, the work joined to the man. An ethicist after the manner of Emerson—to whom he has been thought to sustain so much likeness; although the likeness is not so exact, he might be deemed the Emerson of the south, or more appropriately, the Emerson of Argentina.

His serious work as a writer did not begin until the thirty-seventh year of his life, with *South America*,⁹ followed by other volumes that maintain an accentuated unity of tendencies; *Manual de patología política* (Manual of Political Pathology), which was at first called *Manual de imbecilidades argentinas* (Manual of Argentine Imbecilities), later changing its name and its contents by a few additions; then will appear other books: *Ensayo sobre educación* (An Essay on Education); *¿Adónde vamos?* (Whither Go We?); until the writer culminates, profound and serene, in *Transformación de las razas en América* (The Transformation of Races in America), *Historia de las instituciones libres* (A History of Free Institutions) and *La creación del mundo moral* (The Creation of a Moral World).

Because of the loftiness of his ideals and the austerity of his life, the strong and tranquil man who

went armed with that invulnerable shield of kindness and righteousness that enabled M. Bergeret to take up the stone that an infuriated multitude hurled at him because he had dared to tell the truth and murmur smiling: "this is a quadrangular argument,"

we may consider him the ideal type of the citizen—as Alberdi would say, Jaurès—in the most honorable expression of the term, and as a schoolmaster of the people also,

since he did not pass his life like so many cabinet authors—far from the collective life of their times—weaving filigrees and arabesques, but he devoted himself in his last laborious years to instructing the people and youth, from his professor's chair, in books, pamphlets, public lectures, in order to free them from religious dogmas and prejudices and routines of every kind, after having liberated himself by wisdom; and because he was an exalted exponent of energy, of labor, of personal effort, he was worthy to present himself as an exemplar to youth and to laboring men who struggle in poverty to better themselves day by day, bearing about in their souls a wholesome and noble ideal.

III

THE WRITER

He had a style as simple, easy and limpid as the water of a fountain, without the labored erudition of those who would shine rather than teach. This does not mean that there is no learning in his books: there is, and of fine quality, as he was an indefatigable student, passionately devoted to science, often being pleased to found his assertions on it. He was neither showy nor solemn, in spite of the fact that his books are filled with sane and wholesome moral maxims that transcribe his longing for justice and goodness, the constant preoccupation of his life as a writer. At times he became picaresque, malicious, sharp, to scourge vice, prejudice or routine. He was always picturesque, kind, full of wholesome merriment, as if he set himself to cure the inborn melancholy of our people, imbued with romantic sadness.

It may be said that he attached little importance to form. His books abound in carelessness—above all, his first ones, in which even the grammar is somewhat objectionable—in a certain agreeable negligence. Álvarez was not a stylist. It could be affirmed—as was said of Sarmiento—that he wrote in his shirt-sleeves. It mattered not that the word did not sound well, that the phrase was trite, if they did but express with exactitude his idea and his meaning were well understood.

He did not produce the vain literature

⁹The title is in English.—THE EDITOR.

of overwrought and bombastic verbiage; he wrote not a page in which appear the labored complications of construction, the polished refinement of form that often degenerates into an odious verbalism, on which so many men of letters waste their time. Never did he lend himself to working either filigree or arabesque. He was interested in ideas, concepts as an expression of truths. He must needs go to the bottom of a problem or question, and he would treat it with clearness and discernment. This is said without implying that he took no pleasure in beauty, as there flourish in his books images that are as beautiful and graceful as well dressed lovers; for he did not disdain to join to the severe line of the idea the eloquent and harmonious curve of art.

He was always familiar and ironic, however. This latter quality came to him from his strong native stock; it was the quizzical tendency of the creole which the cultured man had polished and perfected.

It has been urged against him, and with reason, that he did not have command of the artistic synthesis of prose. He repeats himself at every moment; he goes backward and forward over the same theme. For this reason it may be said that he wrote many useless pages; but this does not imply acceptance of the charge of bad taste and inopportuneness that was cast in his face for giving too much importance to the religious question. This question has, without doubt, an importance that ought to preoccupy authors and thinkers, and Álvarez was right; we shall now turn our attention to it.

Above all, there is something in the writer and in the man that renders him unmistakable, unique: it is his moral courage. To know the truth is indeed a merit. To speak it without reservations or euphemisms is in itself admirable; but to live it by welding idea and fact, theory and practice, practice and action, is, beyond all doubt, a heroism. To set forth its glories, its worth, its entire future, is the highest and noblest type of modern heroism.

It fell to his lot to live in an epoch of unbridled Byzantinism in which corruption pervaded all things, and moral values

were calculated in national money. It was a nation of gentlemen in which honest manhood did not abound, that is to say, a nation of respectable thieves. The dithyramb, the panegyric, the unconditional submission to the potentate were the means of attaining position, of securing rank and of achieving a fortune. His select spirit encountered the encircling sensualism of knaves and libertines, and he smote it with his pen of fire.

Because he was the "archetype of common sense or intellectual mediocrity," as has been insinuated hereabouts, "he was able to uphold with his life the example of the theories dear to his narrow vision." He is accused therefore of lacking breadth of spirit, of want of comprehension. We shall answer with these sprightly lines from don Miguel de Unamuno:

And I shall die repeating that the lack of austerity is nothing else than lack of intelligence, that it is nothing but folly, pure folly, utter folly that attracts this rabble of good form to the centers of luxury and vice. Lacking the vice of thinking, all other vices proceed from mental defects. And it is clear that by vice I do not mean passions, strong passions, tragic passions. What I call vice is the vacuity of minds that consider themselves refined.¹⁰

Álvarez was, before everything and above everything, an *autodidact*. Like every studious man, he had the habit—says one of his biographers—of making marginal annotations upon the works read, underlining "the paragraphs that interested him and putting down on the first pages of the book read, the numbers of the pages that would serve him in his later references. Besides, he used notebooks in which he made extracts and notes and gathered observations, soon to be used in his writings. Many of them still remain without having accomplished their object—according to the confession of a scion of that noble protective stock—because of a premature death.

His work lacks method. The bustle of daily struggle prevented the repose and serenity so necessary to speculations of the spirit.

His passage through military life,

¹⁰In *La Nación* of February, 1917.

through journalism, through the courts, whether as a lawyer or a magistrate, his excursion into the field of politics, his dedication to educational work as a professor of military, secondary and university instruction; his actuation as a member of numerous institutions of learning and culture, as well as of many scientific congresses of different kinds, national and international; his career as a national or provincial functionary: all these hindered him from doing his work methodically and seriously, as a specialist. So, through that onerous daily struggle, along those divers paths, he carried on the process of construction with admirable persistence and rare energy. It would be wonderful to imagine what this brain, so finely constituted, would have produced, if fortune had been propitious, and he could have devoted himself completely to study, without those material concerns that act as a shackle upon the intellectual worker!

His first books are singularly characterized by copiousness of citation. His vast encyclopedic reading is shed there; along with the personal observation of men, facts and things, which the intelligent beholder discovers at a single glance, goes the pertinent clause from the national or foreign author with whom he agrees and coincides, accompanied by a striking estimate of his own. Perhaps it is an anecdote, a story, an historical event, a creole proverb brought to account, in order to satirize it and to deduce its logical consequences. Thus were written his first books, above all, *South America*, *Manual de patología política* and *Ensayos de educación*.

IV

THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION

The religious question constantly preoccupied Álvarez. He was ever ringing the changes upon it with unparalleled persistence, exhorting his fellow-citizens to study science, which he set over against the religious precept. He was "the Saint Paul of liberalism," as Joaquín V. González said with perfect propriety. This insistence has been attacked and is attacked as an evidence of bad taste, but Álvarez was in the right. In our country

religion takes the most curious forms. It filters into all the corners of social life: into the school, the home, into government, administration, law; and it watches with a spying eye for the propitious moment in which to reconquer the position lost.

It is often affirmed that the religious question is not a question of the day, that it has been resolved in our country, that in the world it is discussed no longer. Nothing is more false or untenable than this assertion. The religious question is alive in the world to-day more than ever, and there is talk here of a mystical or religious renaissance of humanity. . . . The undeniable fact, however, is that the war has brought into discussion the old ethical standards that govern present humanity, and, to an especial degree, religious standards.

In our country the religious problem has been a problem present from Sarmiento onward, above all, on its practical side. The civil register, with civil marriage and the laic law in education are victories of the lay spirit over religious power. All leads to the supposition that the struggle—which mutters dully in the different social groups—between religious precept and lay ideals must become more and more accentuated.

Not even then may Álvarez with justice be reproached with being unmodern. Apropos of this, he is accused of being a "materialist," of having based his opinions on readings extremely of this character—the "only" sources of his culture, a critic says, voicing an ancient judgment, now out of date, and who viewed the religious problem through this prism.

We think Ingenieros¹¹ has answered this charge in a final manner when he says:

There is nothing, in truth, more false than the pretended identity of superstition with idealism; there is nothing more stupid than to suggest to the multitude that all the lay moralists are "materialists."

He then adds:

There is nothing more morally materialistic

¹¹ Dr. José Ingenieros, author of the article, *The Sentimental Personality*, published in the preceding number of INTER-AMERICA.—THE EDITOR.

than the external practices of all the known cults and the scrupulous appraisal with which they establish their tariffs for interceding with the divinity; nothing more idealistic than to practise virtue and to preach virtue as most of the philosophers have done who have died at the stake accused of heresy. In this moral sense—and there can be no other for judging the sower of ideals—Agustín Álvarez was an idealist all his life, without ever adhering to the materialism of any known religion.¹²

V

THE EDUCATOR

Álvarez was a teacher in the broad sense of the word. His temperament as an educator and his vocation for teaching were manifested in manifold ways. It may be said that they were in him a constant preoccupation.

In his chair at the university he taught—his students say—with a genuine fervor. Into the public lecture, the pamphlet and

the book he threw himself with this same pedagogical unction.

"Our disease is ignorance; its cause is fanaticism," he writes. "The remedy is the school: we are the physician." He tells us that America lives by lighting "candles to the saints, in order to see who are the ones to work the miracles, while it does not kindle lights in the minds of the children, in order to illuminate the pathway of life." He had faith in the school as the remedy for all our ills, but in the school that bestows a scientific education, based upon the observance of nature, a secular education, since the school, according to his understanding of it, ought to educate for liberty and work, and not for submissions and renunciations. Of his deep concern in this subject, the substantial pages he left at his death speak with sufficient clearness.

Of his *Ensayo sobre educación*, which appeared at a moment of the greatest confusion of plans and programs, Máximo Victoria has said: "the ringer of the three peals was calling to high mass when Álvarez wrote it."

¹² *Un moralista argentino: Revista de Filosofía*, year II, number 6.



AN EPISODE IN A HOTEL

BY

PABLO BARRETO

The Brazilian man of letters finds comedy rampant and tragedy dormant in a commonplace hotel, peopled by social odds and ends, and he portrays the characters and scenes with a facility and vividness that will hold the reader's attention and give him insight into the regional and the exotic.—THE EDITOR.

THAT hotel of the rua de Cattete was frequented by a heterogeneous society, but all well-to-do. The proprietor prided himself on harboring Senator Gomes, with his untidy frock-coats; the ex-vice-president of the ex-mission to México; the first ex-great actress of vaudeville, with her dog; Madame de Santarein, divorced for the fourth time, in different religions; the Baron de Somarino, of the Instituto Historico; a tubercular merchant, just arrived from the Swiss altitudes, with his enormous bundle of a wife; the engineer Pereira with his wife, his seven children and his maid-servant; the notable tragedienne Zulemira Simões, back from a tour through the provinces, in the company of the elegant Raymundo de Souza; two widows, unmarried or perfectly married; in short, an entire world, very varied, but each one paid well. The proprietor, as the ex-star of vaudeville assured me, was ready to reciprocate; that is, he served them delicately. There was electricity in all the rooms, a shower-bath on the roof, and a Chinese cook.

At the hour of lunch it was curious to see all these people in the dining-room, on the first floor, ornamented with palms and common flowers, amid the polished metal of the tableware. The dining-room had a low ceiling with illumination from a sky-light. It looked like a submarine or an aquarium. At least so it seemed to me. The actresses assumed the grave airs of fishes making ceremonious evolutions at the bottom of the water, as a compliment to the ladies who were not of the theater; the men were most reserved. All ate silently, each one at his own table, the noise of the covers hardly being heard.

Only when there appeared a new guest did brief phrases fall on the air.

"Who is it?"

"The deputy Gomensoro."

"Oh!"

Always great names, important people, an heraldic conglomeration of celebrities of the bureaucracy and of bombastic titles. At night, in the vestibule at the entrance—a vestibule of marble, which the manager had hung with ancient tapestry and adorned with unspeakable furniture, the styles of which oscillated between the Ottoman, the *belchoir* and the comfortable English—could be seen the representatives of all the social classes, from diplomacy to the *outré*.

We had at the moment two new guests: the old minister of the supreme court, Melchoir, and his nephew, Raoul Pontes, an elegant youth, vivacious, spirituel, having to his credit twenty irresistible years. Everybody in the hotel respected Melchoir and delighted in Raoul, and no one forgot his *verve* when the deputy Gomensoro, after pressing Raoul's hand, noted the lack of his watch. What had become of his watch? In the street-car? Robbed? Did Gomensoro go out with him? Dr. Raoul Pontes laughed with all his might. The watch had evaporated, certainly. It was the heat. Very opportune was this jest, all the more so, as the aged Melchoir, the representative of justice, showed irritation.

On the following day, as I was dressing for luncheon, I recalled that in my cream-colored necktie there had remained a pin of blue tourmaline, with diamonds from the Cape, a pretty trinket and a charming gift. I opened the drawer where I had left it the night before. It was not there.

I opened other drawers, I moved the trunks and the furniture. The pin had disappeared. I thought of warning the manager, but I restrained myself. I might have dropped it in a corner. When one is looking for something, he sees it without seeing it. Besides, a complaint against a servant without proofs would gain him ill-will—less perhaps than a complaint with proofs, but always sufficient to cause one to be badly served; and I am prudent. Three or four days afterward, Senator Gomes, who had nothing but books and old clothes in his room, asked me suddenly:

"You have a pin of blue tourmaline, haven't you?"

Besides being prudent, I am intelligent. How the devil, in that distinguished hotel, would the senator be inquiring about a pin that had disappeared? Could it be a jest? It was little fitting in one of his high legislative position, but in me it would be a proof of sympathetic confidence. It had the effect on me of a blow in the stomach. I replied:

"Yes; I have. Why do you ask about it? Even to-day I had it when I went out."

Gomes had begun with the charming Zulemira Simões, the theatrical oracle of this and the other side of the seas, an elevated discussion regarding Calderón de la Barca, to whom both imputed several pieces of Lope de Vega's. In so exalted a sphere of Spanish drama Gomes did not reply to my question; and I, who that night did not leave the house, on retiring, before tea, found in the corridor only the ancient Melchoir, in a very low state; I locked the door on the inside, went to sleep, and, on the following day, noted the absence of my silver purse. A sufficiently stupid thing after all.

The thief—because it was a thief, there was no doubt of it—the thief, or ill-timed jester, had left my pocketbook, —sparing even the nickels—in order to signify to me that this was his and that it was there because he would return. What should I do? Warn the proprietor? But I was in so distinguished a hotel! It was not very proper and it would upset the equilibrium of the general confidence! No! It would be better to wait.

On the following day, upon returning from hearing *Don César de Bazán*, with Zulemira Semões and de Souza, as the latter was coming up, the actress said to him:

"Ah! my friend, this hotel has curious things; do you know that I have been robbed?"

"Seriously?"

"Yes; the article has a relative value; it was a piece of jewelry that Raymundo gave me when we became acquainted. Do not tell him anything, as it will vex him. At all events, I am not the only one. Doctor Pontes was robbed of his purse."

"The same happened to me!"

"To the senhor also? Then we are in the cave of Ali Baba!"

Happily, some hours afterward, the scandal came to a head. In the morning Madame de Santarein complained that they had robbed her of her *face à main* of mother of pearl with gold incrustations, designed, she said, by a Hungarian painter. The manager discharged the servant Antonio, because he himself also missed napkin-rings and napkins, two or three of which he had lost. Antonio left protesting, furious. He even threatened with a suit for injuries and damages. He was a cynical thief. During breakfast the conversation became general. No one had escaped. What had happened to me had occurred to de Souza, to the Baron de Somerino, to the tubercular merchant, to the ex-vice-president of the ex-Mexican mission, to the vaudeville star, to Doctor Melchoir. All had been robbed. Effusively they recalled particular circumstances. "Doctor Pontes, our dear Raoul," asked the genial Simões, "were you looking for the thief the day that I met you in the corridor?"

"No; I did not yet know anything. I had only a presentiment. I think they must have arrested the man."

"But if there are no proofs!" exclaimed Madame de Santarein. "They found nothing! He was very clever! The day that my *face à main* disappeared he had not left his room."

"Extraordinary thefts!"

"We are under the dominion of genial

thieves. We need a great detective to discover the criminal."

"And to arrest the servant Antonio? For thieves of this kind our police is sufficient!"

Besides, this Antonio seemed to be a sick man rather than a thief. For the man never stole money, and the napkins of the hotel were insignificant in value. However, whether he was a genial thief or a sick man, Antonio went away, and confidence was again restored. We passed thus a week, and with great surprise to ourselves, Madame de Santarein and the actress Zulemira Simões, on the same day, at the same hour, found on their washstands, one, her *face à main*, and the other, her trinket.

"It is an adventure! It is a devil of a case," remarked the tubercular merchant.

The hotel was thrown into convulsions. Only Senator Gomes growled: "What a beast!"

That phrase, pronounced suddenly, took possession of me. Because, at bottom, the fellow, the illustrious gentleman, was right. The thief or *sportsman*¹ in theft was not Antonio, but another: he existed, announced his presence, he was there at our side. Audacity? Folly? Stupidity?

The following day the gold necklace with fine stones of the actress Simões was missed, as well as the bracelets of the wife of the tubercular man. Terror reigned. The guests barricaded their rooms, and when they went out they carried their articles of value in their pockets, even to lunch. The rooms were cleaned up in the presence of their respective occupants. No one spoke any longer. There was a thief among us, a thief! The ladies did not leave their rooms for fear. No one absented himself without urgent necessity, fearing he might be suspected, although but for an instant, like Antonio. We were all involved in these crimes; we must arrive at the tragedy. The manager, livid, carried on a fierce polemic; the servants served under a cloud, with a sorrowful humility, afraid of being suspected, and the ex-vice-president of the ex-mission to México insisted on writing to the chief of

police to have some one come to search all the rooms

"For the love of God," groaned the proprietor.

"It is insanity," added Gomes. "All of us here are respectable."

"That is clear; you are right!" then rejoined Madame de Santarein, the fourth time divorced.

Yet in spite of vigilance, articles continued to disappear. It was impossible! Either one must leave there or complain to the police.

Once in the city I met Melchoir and Pontes, accompanying Madame de Santarein to a *confiteria*.² It was two in the afternoon. I returned to the hotel. By a coincidence I lived on the same corridor with these three persons, near the room of Senator Gomes. I was about to undress when I heard stealthy steps. I opened the door slightly. It was the lively and always spirituel Pontes. He was going to his room, but no. He stopped in front of Madame de Santarein's door, drew a key from his pocket, opened the door and entered. Oh! The immorality of these respectable hotels! The fortunate fellow! Oh! these proper ladies! A little afterward I again heard a slight noise; again I played the spy. It was Pontes, who, with the most natural air, was closing the door, and he went away hastily. I was inclined to cry out, to say to him: "Stop, rascal!"—or any other kind of folly—because by nature I am a jester. However, I resolved to leave it for dinner. At night, Madame de Santarein, who had arrived some moments before, appeared in the dining-room, agitated: she had been robbed of her brooch of rubies.

We were all prisoners to a feeling of madness when the charming lady cried: "They have just robbed me of my brooch of rubies. One more!"

My eyes fastened on Doctor Pontes, who had the same astonishment as the rest, the same air and look.

My idea crossed my mind. It was he—the thief! No doubt. But, could he be the lover? Because, after all, he was a

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

²A pastry cook's shop, where cakes, candies, ices, etc., are sold.—THE EDITOR.

man who must respect his name, his uncle!

The proofs were against him, absolutely against him.

No one even thought of leaving the hotel after these thefts. It was necessary to clear up the situation. I would hasten the scandal, say that I saw him enter Madame de Santarein's room, and explanations would come afterward.

I was going to speak, I was going to tell everything, when I felt upon me the gaze of Senator Gomes, who, shaking his head, moving his knife between his fingers, seemed by every means entreating me not to say anything. Gomes knew—from the day on which he spoke to me of my pin! I restrained myself. Also because at that moment Pepita entered with her dog, both distraught over the disappearance of a ring, an admirable marriage, as the star said.

The engineer Pereira rose.

"Manager! I can not remain another day in your hotel! The situation is delicate for the first one who leaves this inferno, but I dare to do it. I have a family, I have a nervous wife, I have valuables. I am the engineer Salustrio Pereira. My bags will pass through your office in order that you may search them. Prepare my account."

The diplomat, who, by the way, owed the hotel for five weeks, made a gesture:

"I also am going."

The others remained quiet; they were overcome; but, to my great wonder, Doctor Pontes spoke:

"We have lived for some time in a nightmare. There is here a thief, or a thief from the outside possesses a key."

"That is it—a key," I observed.

"But in spite of the mutual respect which we owe, distrust exists. Thus, I have already thought evil of my uncle. I propose therefore that as we leave here we visit all the hotel, examining each of the rooms. Are you agreed?"

I had just taken my coffee, and I admired Pontes: either he is, I said to myself, a splendid thief, or he is innocent. On the other hand, Senator Gomes looked at the door; he was very pale. What was going to happen?

"Does it suit you?" said Pontes.

"Certainly, yes," said Gomes.

"Let us all go out in a caravan, beginning at the entrance. It is a pleasant manner of ending a tragic obsession."

"Approved! This Pontes is always the same."

Gomes, however, amid the noise of the comments arose and went out. I followed him, overtaking him in the corridor. We were alone. "He is the thief," I murmured to him. "I saw him enter the room of Santarein."

"He is not."

"Who is then?"

"I do not know."

"It is impossible to deny any longer. Either you will tell me or I will reveal everything to the public. Only the great respect . . ."

Gomes took on the look of a person in hallucination, stopping near the stairway that led to the upper chambers.

"Let there be no useless words. Do you swear to keep a secret?"

"It is a crime."

"Do you swear?"

"I swear."

"Well then; let us save a poor woman, let us save a maniac, my friend, let us save her! Do not ask me why. I love her as a father, as a lover, whatever you will. It is she who steals, it is she. I have not the means of stopping it. I am going to put her out of here, and at the same time I fear to see her in prison. She is crazy. At this very moment we are at the mercy of chance and the folly of Pontes, whom I ought to hate. But we are going to save her. We must save her. All will be returned. I have already done it. Look out! Hide yourself! Hide yourself! There, under the stairway. Do not let them see you! Do not let them see you!"

Some one came running down the stairway. Hiding, my heart beating, while Gomes placed himself near the balustrade of the stairway, I heard his voice asking:

"All?"

"Yes; my fearful one, yes; I had it all together. Take it. Now, I also . . ."

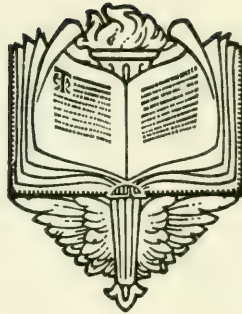
A form passed toward the vestibule of

the entrance. From the dining-room came out the guests, impassioned over that police-like examination of the rooms. Tremulous, livid, Gomes forced a bundle into my hand, while he kept in the ample pockets of his frock-coat and of his trousers, other small packages.

"To-morrow," he said to me, "we shall restore everything by mail. Be good; save her!"

It was frightful, it was tragic, it was ridiculous, to see that illustrious man and honest, taking care of articles stolen by a satanic kleptomaniac, and it was stupid—

what I was doing! Stupid, but irresistible! Whoever the intelligent thief might be, she was of an audacity, a genius, a subtilty, an egotism diabolically splendid. I stretched my neck in eagerness of curiosity to see who it was, to see who could be, in a hotel so full of guests, the one of whom I was the accomplice, the one who, mysteriously and impalpably, throughout a month, should bring to the hotel an atmosphere of doubt, of crime, of infamy. Then, restraining a cry of horror, I saw Madame de Santarein enter the vestibule, smiling and tranquil.



MARIANO MORENO¹

BY

M. DE VEDIA Y MITRE

The author has contributed a number of brief sketches of the leaders in the movement for independence in the countries about the río de la Plata. This article deals with one of the most vigorous, but one of the most unfortunate, of those who took part in the initiation of the revolutionary struggle.—THE EDITOR.

MARIANO MORENO is more than a man in our history; he is a symbol. The revolutionary action of the first hour; the vigorous impulse of the Junta of May; the measures of violence adopted; the characterization of the emancipative movement, are, in a word, summed up in him. Moreno established the rhythm, set the pattern, pointed out the horizon for the uninformed minds on which the government depended. He was the incarnation of the liberal and progressive ideas of his time. Therefore, when he disappeared from the scene, he left a long and luminous wake. When he no longer took part in the government, when he died after having been overthrown by his adversaries, his spirit continued to inspire those who embraced his tendencies from the first moment. Thus his people believe they see present in him all the generous, broad and liberal movements of his posterity. Moreno symbolizes, however, not only revolutionary activity; he symbolizes also the liberal and progressive spirit of the Argentine people. There will not exist for a long time any political corporation among us, that is, of men directly or indirectly charged with the management of public affairs, which will not recognize him as their master in liberty.

In spite of all this, there has lived no Argentine public man who had a briefer career. Moreno reached the secretaryship of the Junta of May, where he exercised a genuine ministry, almost a leadership in government, without the distinguishing an-

tecedents of a previous career. Public life in the colony did not lend itself to careers. The government was organized in such a way that any activities of those who did not figure in its first ranks must necessarily remain obscure and without prominence. It is to be recognized, however, that the famous "representation of the land-owners" and certain other professional undertakings of Moreno lost this characteristic, thanks to the vigor of their author's pen; and they acquired that of the true political performances that time would test.

Without denying the fact noted, we recognize then that Moreno did not exercise his lofty magistracy except from May 25 until December 18, 1810. It is not necessary to say more in order to throw in relief the figure of his talent, the energy of his character, his *superiority*, in short. Let it be understood that this superiority does not refer merely to his colleagues in the revolutionary undertaking. His was an intrinsic superiority. Therefore he stands out, not only among his contemporaries, but his figure perpetuates itself in time. He is a great figure positively, in the general picture of history.

The day on which he comprehended that his adversaries were the more powerful, as they could command real power, Moreno spontaneously excluded himself from the government. His passionate words on the occasion of his resignation were not merely a temporary explosion. They were a token of respect for public opinion. On this account he said: "The continuation of a discredited magistracy not being beneficial to the public, I resigned my charge." He recognized that there existed a real convulsion, provoked by a decree that suppressed the honors

¹An Argentine juriconsult, journalist and patriotic leader (1778-1811); in addition to occupying a number of important positions in the first republican government, he was the editor of the *Gaceta de Buenos Aires*, the leading organ of the revolutionary junta, during the first months of its existence.—THE EDITOR.

rendered to the president, and he exiled Duarte for saying that "any inhabitant of Buenos Aires, either drunk or asleep, may entertain ideas against the liberty of the country." He assumed responsibility for this act "without repenting of it, he rather hoped that some day he would enjoy the gratitude of the several citizens who then persecuted him and whom he pardoned from his heart." He added words that ought to give thought to all those who received with precaution the advances of democracy. He said, referring to the action of his enemies, that "he beholds their mistakes in conduct with a certain kind of pleasure, because he prefers, rather than to concern himself with his own reputation, that the public should begin to consider the government, although it commit errors that it will correct afterward."

Appointed upon a diplomatic mission to England, his adherents, and perhaps he himself, considered that the appointment amounted to proscription. The profoundly tragic circumstances of his death gave, besides, ground for every kind of supposition. Moreno died forty days after sailing, in the middle of the ocean, and the frigate *La Fama*, on board of which he sailed in company with his secretaries, don Manuel Moreno and don Tomás Guido, had not touched port anywhere. The great man was ill from the time he set out from Buenos Aires, January 25,

1811. The immediate victim of seasickness, he felt his condition grow worse as a consequence of it. On board they were without a physician and medicines. There existed only the locker of the commander of the vessel. Its owner made such bad use of it that Moreno's end was hastened by the captain's having administered to him the wrong drug, by mistake. Thus, without medical assistance, in absolute helplessness, died Mariano Moreno, the genius of the Argentine revolution, the eminent man who symbolized the liberty of La Plata.

His last words were dedicated to the patria: "Let my country live although I perish!" Without analyzing at length the grammatical sense of these words, what it is interesting to record is that the great exile was thinking at death only of the incipient democracy he had contributed to found. He descended to the tomb like the soldier of a cause, devoting to it his last thoughts. Moreno perished, and his country lived. His prayer was fulfilled. So slow is the process of democracy that even to-day there ought to be exhibited as an example of republican austerity the ideas already transcribed: "that he beholds their mistakes in conduct with a certain kind of pleasure, because he prefers, rather than to concern himself with his own reputation, that the public should begin to consider the government, although it commit errors that it will correct afterward."



A POOR DEVIL

BY

LUIS ORREGO LUCO

A story characteristic of the new school of Chilean writers, who hang their tales on trivial incidents and find idealism and sentiment in common people and things.—THE EDITOR.

HE WAS one of those poor fellows who do not attract attention by anything in their appearance, unless it be the wretchedness of their aspect, the sorry plight of their body, the slowness of their pace and a certain something of anticipated and premature old age, which we should not be able to say was due to the wrinkles of their parchmented face or the oldness and ungainliness of their dress, stained by many mires and soaked by many rains. Thin and shrunken in body, of medium stature, he wore a long beard, with what smacked of a certain curious semblance of a poor Christ, increased by the soft gaze of his black eyes, steeped in the humble meekness that belongs to oxen worn out with hard work, at evening. He seemed to be exhausted before taking a single step, as if his nature were actuated by soft and exhausted springs.

Without need of effort or extended investigations, one already discerned what might be his history, if it is proper to apply the term history to the humble life of a man who slunk noiselessly across the solitary steppe of the universe, without leaving a trail, without making a noise, without doing anything worth while, without signaling himself among other men, either by his ambitions or his great deeds, either by his good fortune, his figure or his genius.

If, however, he was one of so many, not on this account was he a common being, as there was in him a note entirely personal and characteristic.

More than once I glanced at him curiously, obliquely, on seeing him take a seat upon the same bench of the Alameda on which ordinarily I seated myself, tired now of my walks to the central railway station. On the other hand, he paid no

attention to me. I observed that his glance was lost in the distance, uncertain, colorless, with the same expression of weariness and abandon that could be noted in his slow step.

Who was he? No one knew, nor did it matter to any one to ascertain; but it came to my knowledge by one of those unforeseen accidents that often occur. A friend of mine saluted him in passing, and, replying to my inquiries, explained to me that he was a copyist in a provincial notary's office, to which my friend had been taken by the necessity of examining certain documents in a law-suit which he had in hand. There the other clerks teased him by calling him, in a loud voice, "Don Casto." His real name was Calixto Celada, and he seemed to be what is called a poor devil. . . .

Little was known of him or his parents; he was thought to be the son of an ordinary woman and an anonymous father. He was rather lazy and absentminded, even if goodnatured and regular in getting to the office. More, they did not tell me, nor did I care to know.

While my friend was speaking, there filed in front of us the elegant girls that frequented the promenade at this hour. A brave appearance they made, with their fine silhouettes, their dress of light shades, white clothing and shoes, black hair, delicate necks: a very spring of enchantment, which seemed to complete the gilded verdure of the foliage, the freshness of the hour, the transparency of the atmosphere. Automobiles were passing along the cross streets, their engines humming and their horns sounding, giving a modern touch to the scene, while a swarm of women issued from the church of San Vicente, and the sight of them imparted to the soul a suggestion of soft repose. The

multitude passed in front of our bench: busy men with rapid stride, children with books under their arms, youths, men of the people, English nurses with ample coiffures, accompanied by little tots and dogs of fine breed.

This fellow, don Calixto, continued to sit on a bench near ours, his gaze lost in the vague distance, as if seeking, in fine, for something that did not appear. We concerned ourselves no further with him, being distracted by the radiant appearance of an enchanting girl, Pepita Aliaga, celebrated in the gatherings of Santiago, in which she danced in a manner so exquisite, first, the tango, and then, the *fox-trot*¹ and the *hesitation*.¹

Her light hair formed a sort of nimbus of gold for her long black eyes, and her white teeth shone fresh in her small red mouth, the exquisite perfume of her grace being shed by her whole being. My friend, carried away and in full feather as a flirt, went to her, and then, in the company of the *miss*,¹ was lost in the multitude.

Months passed; life followed its usual round, according to custom, and after living shut in for some time, devoted entirely to my studies, I received the degree of doctor of medicine and surgery, to be at your very good orders. They ceased to call me Manuel, as formerly, and I became Doctor Zeballos, clinic assistant at San Borja, in hope of patients that made no haste to appear. My waiting-room was empty, save for one or another poor fellow or some friend who did not pay me, it is true, and who even thought he was doing me a favor by his presence and the proof of confidence he showed me.

I remember that one of the first calls I had was to the boarding-house of doña Sinforosa Gallegos, in the calle de Carreras, near the park. I was taken to a room on the second court, where the sick man was. There was only a piece of worn carpet in the center, with a table and two Vienna chairs, a bureau without a mirror, a washstand of wood, painted black, and an iron cot. Not a little was I surprised to find myself with the poor devil with the face of a humble Christ. His temperature

was very high, and he had passed the night in delirium. It seemed to me, at first sight, that it was an affair of pneumonia, nothing less. As I took his pulse, I noted his look, which seemed to recognize me. I applied the thermometer, and while I was waiting, my gaze fell mechanically upon the wall, papered with engravings, illustrated newspapers and pictures of discolored faces, some yellow—ancient portraits of persons in old-fashioned garments, provincial photographs of a fat lady in a mantilla, a gentleman in a top hat, seated in the bottom of a boat, with a cane and gloves in his hand, a child in the dress of his first communion and other things of this kind. What aroused my curiosity to an extraordinary degree, however, was to see, in the midst of all these, a very beautiful picture of Pepita Aliaga, taken from some review and set in a frame. What was that picture doing in such a place?

I withdrew the thermometer and put several questions, and the patient answered me in a tranquil voice with the timbre of a singing base, in simple tones, clipping the ends of his words, while speaking in a rapid voice, as is usually done in the provinces.

"Excuse me this poverty . . . I am a corrector of proofs, and I am laid out by illness. . . . I can not live in a palace. . . . Every one gets along with what God gives him. . . . I do not ride very high these days . . . and by this sickness . . . so much more added."

I tried to encourage him with fine phrases; and, while I was writing a prescription upon the table, which was not very steady, I tried to guess, in vain, what Pepita's picture was doing in that room. Where had he known her? What was it doing in the midst of so many other pictures, family souvenirs, without a doubt? My thought buried itself with the rapidity of lightning in conjectures, forming dramas and fashioning all kinds of fancies and adventures and romantic suppositions. Then, assuming absent-mindedness, I began to turn a book over in my hands, and I faced him with:

"Do you know that young lady?"

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

I saw that he turned red to the roots of his hair.

"I have never spoken to her," he answered simply, lowering his eyes.

I opened the book; it was the poems of Heinrich Heine.

"From what I see, you like verses."

"Yes, Heine's: I know them by heart; listen!"

He began to recite to me in a coppery and suppressed voice:

Thy hand rests upon my bosom;
Hearest thou the sound of a heavy beat?
It is that, inside, is an impious carpenter
Who is fashioning my bier. . . .

And the fierce beat ceases not for an instant,
And in vain do I try to soothe me to sleep . . .
Finish! Finish quickly, carpenter!
And let me sleep.

In my quality of physician, accustomed to grapple with realities, evil and pain, I am not much given to verse, but I make an exception in favor of Heine and Musset.

Nevertheless, I have to admit that before this moment I had not known Heine, although I had heard recitations from him more than once. What was happening to me? I felt that, in order to comprehend him, I needed a poor, dismal room, with a frayed carpet, miserable and rickety furniture, the wall-paper discolored by the dampness of leaks, an old-fashioned garment upon a decrepit chair, darkness in the untidy room, misery in the sordidness of its indecent nakedness, which could be seen even in the thick jar from which water overflowed into the court, forming fetid pools, while the breeze of the afternoon moved the white garments hanging upon strings in the unoccupied regions at the back. And in the most intimate association with this dreary, untidy picture, in the center of the group of portraits on the wall, the radiant image, fine and very elegant, of the beautiful girl whom the poor devil knew only perhaps by sight; with whom he would never be able to exchange two words, perchance; who represented for him the inaccessible, a being from another planet, but who illuminated him through and through with the immense fires of inner visions. She was

something that constituted for him his happiness and his misfortune. She was the goddess . . . and she was also the impious carpenter . . . who slowly fashioned the bier.

Some time passed after this scene, and I had left him to himself for cured. Indeed, I did not send him a bill, nor did he come to my house to seek it, which did not disturb me. I took him for one of that great number of curious types that we find at the turn of every corner, without paying any attention to them. So, gradually, both his person and the recollection of his existence vanished from my memory.

At the end of some months I was returning from the hospital, the hour of my clinic being now concluded, taking the side of the street brightened by the sun, the sad sun of winter, colorless and pale, which bathed in the light the paseo de Delicias, filtering through the skeletoned branches of the trees. The last reddish leaves whirled along the ground, among the romping children in charge of their English nurses. A few pairs of elegant young ladies, wrapped in furs, swept by at a long stride. Dirty and ragged children begged alms with the whining tones of professional mendicants, approaching by preference the gentlemen who were talking with ladies. Men of the people, with frayed blankets on their shoulders, walked along noiselessly at a gymnastic gait. The morning traffic was animated, as was its wont at this hour. Cars passed; carriages for hire, automobiles, vans, crossed each other in every direction.

Suddenly I saw that a crowd was gathering at a corner, the people pressing together in the manner that always happens when some one is run over or hurt, or when there are robberies, or any kind of bloodshed, whether in street brawls or in sudden death. I hastened toward it, moved by curiosity. Two automobiles had run into each other, one of them a Ford and another a private car. The accident was not of much importance: an affair of broken lamps and glass. I succeeded in reaching the scene at the moment when some one was opening the door and giving his hand to Pepita Aliaga,

who got out, in company with her sister Luz. She was intensely pale, and blood was running from her left hand, cut as the glass was broken. When the person who was aiding saw me arrive he called me by my name.

"This way, Doctor Zeballos."

I looked at him, not a little surprised that he knew me. It was Celada—the poor devil, whose name I could not recall at first. He had turned red—I think he must have thought of the account—and, in spite of the criticalness of the situation, I was unable to restrain my laughter. I went with Pepita to a neighboring apothecary's shop, where I gave her temporary aid, applying a simple disinfectant. As it was an affair of a slight scratch, we treated the case as a joke and began to chat. Pepita laughed and spoke with the loquacity common on such occasions, when one's life has just been saved from some danger—a condition associated with a passing excitation of the nerves.

"To-morrow we shall attain renown together," I said: "you, because of the accident, without doubt commented upon by the newspapers under 'Social Life,' and I in my capacity as savior of an interesting person."

"It is even so," she added, "and I am the first to recognize it, for modesty has now gone out of fashion, and in this respect I follow the counsel of my little grandmother, or 'grandmama' as they say now: 'Praise yourself, my daughter, as your friends will take care to show you your faults, when they have a chance.'"

"As for aunt Enriqueta Victoria, she will be charmed when we arrive," interrupted Luz; "according to her there is no greater happiness than to nurse sick people, receive visits or make compotes and marmalades. Now she is going to have an invalid, with visits from all her friends."

At the door of the apothecary's shop there had formed a solid mass of people, drawn by curiosity; Pepita looked at them concernedly and then, turning to me, she said, lowering her eyes:

"Who is that gentleman?" and she pointed to Celada.

It then occurred to me, as usually happens, to forget his name. While I was

setting my memory to work—having the word on the tip of my tongue, according to the vulgar phrase—it struck me to answer her with a question:

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Because . . . because . . . for some time he has been following me through the streets like my shadow."

"He is a poor devil."

"I already knew it; and on this very account I tell you about it; otherwise I should keep quiet in order not to make myself ridiculous by speaking of such a thing."

Then, as if repenting of what she had said, she added:

"But he has behaved well—at this moment of the accident—when I saw him . . . that he sprang near the auto and opened the door . . . I do not know why . . . yet I felt more easy."

"You must have flirted with him at some time to amuse yourself."

"You are crazy, doctor,"

The poor devil had disappeared.

This trivial incident took place on a beautiful spring morning in the month of October. So it is with life. It is made up of little things, of insignificant and frivolous events, among which only very vaguely drama appears with all its sentiment and tragic complication. It pleased God that all the occurrences of this authentic history should take place in the morning, and if, instead of being a mere accurate relater of the truth, I were a romantic writer, I should use as a title for this poorly spun tale: "On a Sunny Morning;" and I should be very much set up.

I had just left my carriage—for the exercise of my profession as a physician was now bringing me in enough for luxury and even for vice—when, at the corner of Ahumada and Delicias, I was assaulted by a very band, not of Apaches, but of young ladies, preceded by a mite of a boy, who carried in his hands a red flag, like that of the Russian anarchists, with an enormous device in embroidered letters, which said: "Society for the Aid of Children." It was the day of the public collection for the children's homes. The group of girls was very elegant, each of them beautiful, all young, handsomely

gowned, but in morning dress, with that refined luxury in which the apparent simplicity, the cut and combinations of colors, reveal the creations of the great Parisian houses. One of them carried a cushion, on which were badges, one of which she fastened on the coat of each person who gave them the pittance of obligatory charity. Pepita, dressed in white, presided over the committee. Her tall, elegant figure moved in the midst of the others, giving orders and pointing out victims, who immediately parted with their money, which was swallowed up in an enormous purse of silk.

"Doctor, no one passes without speaking to the porter . . . for the children."

I complied, like everybody else, and I paused an instant to chat, as it chanced that I knew almost all of them. My friend Manuelito² Fernández had that instant opened his pocketbook and passed out a pair of bills. Pepita fastened the badge of charity on his breast with her own hand.

Manolo,² seeing how handsome she was, fascinated perhaps by the brilliancy of her velvety eyes, became daring:

"Give me a flower, Pepita; although it be nothing more than a single one of the Persian violets you are wearing;" and he pointed to the bunch she wore at her belt.

"What are you thinking of? By no means!"

Esteban Montes took out a bill of a hundred pesos: "I buy this bunch from you—take it for the poor."

"But, my son . . . have you gone crazy? My flowers are not for sale . . . not for a thousand . . . you think, doubtless, that you are at the fair! Did anybody ever see any one so fresh!"

Suddenly Luz stepped in front of a gentlemen who was crossing the street. He was a curious fellow, thin, badly dressed, who was carrying an enormous bundle under his arm.

"A charity for the children!"

When he raised his countenance, we recognized him at once. It was don Calixto Celada, the poor devil who was to cross my life and that of Pepita like one of so many unnoticed and insignificant beings on whom it is not worth while to waste a

look. He colored, as we say vulgarly, to the white of his eyes. Perhaps he felt ashamed of being seen so poorly dressed, in a black morning coat, not very clean, the braid of the border worn out, a battered hat, coarse calf-skin shoes covered with dust, a shirt none too spotless, thrust for the first time in his life, into the midst of a very elegant group of young ladies, who were assaulting him in the name of charity and of the children. Pepita stepped near him with a slight gesture of disgust: she was not pleased, doubtless, that her sister, in a spirit of fun, had stopped such a fellow. Then we had occasion to witness an unexpected scene, strange and profoundly dramatic, of the kind on which we often run in life, without being able to understand, in most cases. The poor devil took out his pocketbook with difficulty, hindered perhaps by the package he was carrying, and which he could not let go, and he went through it hopelessly. I observed in his look something like a savor of bitterness, or rather, like a sentiment of intimate agony. He felt himself humiliated in the presence of the woman, the only woman who mattered for him—the one whom he had followed afar, like a faithful dog—the one who embodied the ideal of beauty and fascination which all human beings conceal in their breasts. He would have wished to give a hundred, a thousand pesos, whatever he possessed, and he had nothing, not even a miserable one peso bill!

Have you every experienced the impression of an orator who stops and is lost in his discourse? What do not those who are near him at that bitter moment suffer? Have you ever experienced the impression of seeing a human being humiliated, insulted, buffeted, without daring a reply? Then something of this I felt at that moment. With much pleasure I should have passed him some money to help him out, if I could have done so without any one's observing it.

Celada searched his pockets, slowly but desperately, and he drew out, at last, a coin of twenty centavos.³

²Diminutive and playful forms of Manuel.—THE EDITOR.

³A centavo is the hundredth part of a peso; the Chilean peso at the present time is equivalent to from 30 to 33 cents gold.—THE EDITOR.

Pepita received it, thrusting it quickly into the bag, and she thanked him

The poor devil set off with his bundle. He was bearing, without a doubt, death in his soul. . . . Esteban and two or three of the girls burst into laughter. While they were perishing with laughter, I looked at Pepita, who, with the rapidity of lightning, slipped from the group, calling out to him to wait:

"Kind sir! A word!"

Loosening her bouquet of violets, she

pulled out a bunch, and, with her own hand, she placed it in the buttonhole of the frayed coat. "The poor will not forget you," she added.

Then I, in my turn, withdrew from the feminine group, and, with a general salute, I crossed the street. Do you know why I left? Well, I am going to confess it, although you may laugh: because I felt the tears rise in my eyes. What will you have? It is thus with me.

I was envying the poor devil.



MAIPÚ

1818-1918

BY
BARTOLOMÉ MITRE

This extensive article was published in *La Nación*, of Buenos Aires, in connection with the celebration of the centenary of the battle of Mipaú, on April 5; it is in the main a reprint of the account of the battle taken from Bartolomé Mitre's *Historia de San Martín*, and it is a description of one of the decisive battles of America, fought on Chilean soil; the author shows that on the results of this battle hinged, in a large measure, the success of the patriot cause in South America; the centenary was celebrated with great enthusiasm and with fraternal international manifestations, in Argentina and Chile.—THE EDITOR.

IN THE midst of the unceasing clamor of the great war, two South American democracies to-day celebrate the centenary of a battle. It was not, it could not be, considered, in the light of events that are happening in the world at present—and it ought to be judged from the point of view of its own military proportions—more than an episode, hardly distinguishable behind these dense clouds of blood that redden all space. The battle of a day—begun when the sun was already shining high over the Andes, and concluded when it had not wholly set over the Pacific, and whose dead and wounded did not reach a total of three thousand—the combat upon the plains of Maipú is, nevertheless, one of the great military events of history, not only because its preparation and dénouement were a work of strategic and tactical genius, but because its consequences were of transcendent importance in respect of the fate of the Hispano-American nations. Two of them in particular take pride in remembering and celebrating it: the land that was the cradle of the victorious captain and supplied him with the scene upon which he was able to form his army; and the other that augmented, strengthened and provisioned this army, saving it after the disaster at Cancha Rayada¹ and giving it upon the soil of Chile a field of victory and glory. Chile and Argentina do not

dispute the honor of this day; just as in the days of the immortal action, they unite and fraternize, in order to commemorate it as a common enterprise and achievement. Seven other republics also owe and render their homage to its memory, because if the triumph belonged to the first two, its benefits extended to them all.

Maipú² was the definitive consecration of the plan and long effort of San Martín, prepared from 1814, for uniting the military drama of the Argentine revolution—triumphant upon its own soil, but smothered along its frontiers—with the vast continental hope and will for emancipation. Even if it be not tactically the formula appropriate for the case, a present formula gives us the synthesis of that plan and the result: the necessity of a single front, or if you will, a single revolution, a single war, which would coördinate toward the same end, toward a sole object, from the basin of the Plata, along the Andes, to the shores of the Caribbean sea, the action of every Artigas, every Güemes, every Páez. Lima was a point as necessary to those of the north as to those of the south, in order to consolidate the results of the undertaking; there must be sealed the South American bond and there must be unfurled and set up for ever the standard of victory; and Maipú, in assuring the route for the Argentine-Chilean forces, contributed also to open it to the hosts which very soon would

¹ A plain north of Talca, Chile, where, in March, 1818, San Martín, with the united Argentine and Chilean forces, was defeated by the royalists, under Ordóñez.—THE EDITOR.

² On the spelling of Maipú, see INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, p. 180, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

prepare in Boyacá³ the advent of the concluding days of Junín⁴ and Ayacucho.

Perhaps the complicated and chaotic history of the liberation of the continent has no example of a clearer, more luminous, more methodically followed, more heroically developed thought—against all the difficulties, political, financial, those opposed by the desert soil, the ruggedness of nature and the immeasurable distances, those that social inharmony magnified into anarchy—than this thought of San Martín, who four years before the campaign of this day—when the country, shaken by the disasters of Vilcapugio⁵ and Ayohuma,⁵ was at the same time inspired by the most recklessly unreasonable ideas and the most cautiously pusillanimous projects—established in Tucumán his designs, seemed to discern already outlines of his work in the successive years and—because all his confidence and information indicated Lima as the insurmountable beyond of his destiny—even intuited perhaps the fatal reward that was reserved for his perseverance and his moral grandeur. While the leaders and the federalist malcontents were beginning our *via crucis* as a democracy, he alone, with a few co-workers, not perhaps entirely aware of all the importance of his plan, began in Mendoza, in the “heroic Cuyo,” the elevation of the idea, of the Argentine national spirit, in American life. He was to create the patria among those that were employed in undoing it. Who worked, insisted, endured more than he, in those times which seldom found the same idea of the day before in the same head on the

³ The capital city of the *departamento* of the same name in Colombia, where, on August 7, 1819, Bolívar and Santander, at the head of the independents, defeated the Spaniards, thus establishing the freedom of Colombia and facilitating that of the rest of South America.—THE EDITOR.

⁴ A plain in the old *departamento* of Huanuco, now Junín: here, in August, 1824, Bolívar and the independents overthrew the Spaniards in a decisive victory; the battle-field is marked by a pyramidal monument, and in honor of the day the name of the *departamento* was changed from Huanuco to Junín. See article entitled *Olmedo*, in INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, p. 147.—THE EDITOR.

⁵ Battles that were fought in November, 1813, upon the soil of Argentina, the patriot forces, under General Belgrano, being defeated.—THE EDITOR.

day following? No one, without a doubt; and more than his military talents—indisputable, even among those who have assumed the task of belittling him and taking away his glory—and more than the unshakable nobility of his moral nature, more than of his other virtues as a citizen and soldier, this was what exalted him in the memory of his country, because to this hard labor, to this patience of conviction, to this faith in his intelligence, is due his greatest gem of honor among the peoples with whom he was born into a life of freedom.

It stands to reason that we ought not to overlook this that we have been saying, the simultaneousness with which, in all the regions of the continent, there sprang up ideas and wills, firm and valiant, in favor of the emancipative thought. The epoch was great everywhere, and the enterprise had, both in the military and in the civic and political realm, heads capable of comprehending it in all its aspects and characters capable of dominating it as a whole. What constituted for us—and in saying “us” it is clear that we are thinking and speaking like any Argentine—what constituted the immeasurable glory of the captain of the Andes was the absolutely impersonal quality of his purposes, the unindividual and broadly American character of his ideal, the concreteness and preciseness of the plan to which he devoted his entire longings, when the clearest minds wandered in nebulous dreams of liberty and heroisms, when the regional and localistic spirit distracted in vain disputes even those most capable of comprehending the scenario in its entirety, and of noting how indispensable it was to assure uniformity of action, and when the most seasoned minds did not cease to be disturbed by prospects of power and fortune. San Martín had the rarest of austerities. He was austere in the full possession of power, in the full glory of success, among the clouds of apotheosis, as he was, later, forgotten and poor, in his carpenter’s shop in Brussels and in his humble dwelling at Boulogne-sur-Mer; he had the rarest patriotism, he was a patriot of all the corners of the vast and varied land of America, as faithful and as loyal to the

land of Chile and of Perú, as he was to ungrateful Buenos Aires or to the tropical village where he first opened his eyes to the light of day; and he had also that rare intelligence as a soldier which enabled him to surpass, even in that period of great soldiers, the intelligence that was able to state and to solve the mathematical problem of the war, to take advantage of all the superior characteristics of temperaments without attempting to make them agree with his own, and, varying the bare formula of command of a general who was, above all things, an organizer and administrator, with the fiery proclamation and the phrase that stirred and elevated hearts like the call of a clarion. Therefore, without ever ceasing "to be what he ought to be," and ever being himself, the least possible of a *caudillo*⁶ of all the warriors of the continent; he was loved and obeyed as perhaps they never were; the least political, or, if you will, with the least liking for politics, of all his rivals, he foresaw, accommodated and tempered like the most dexterous of diplomats; the least rhetorical of the popular leaders of his time, he persuaded, convinced and stirred human spirits like the most eloquent of the tribunes. Thus, by dominating them, or rather, by molding them to his manner and his method, he could depend upon men entirely antagonistic to each other and to him, both in character and in mind, such as Belgrano, Las Heras, Guido, Monteagudo, O'Higgins, the iron texture of any of whom became flexible and yielded in response to the request of his friend, in whom he might have seen a rival, and in whom he saw only a chief.

Maipú represents the supreme hour of our general. All of him, with all his qualities, is to the full in this campaign. The preparer, the organizer, the endurer, the foreseer, the man of method, triumphed at Chacabuco;⁷ the unexpected, what neither he nor any one else could have reckoned upon, had put in jeopardy at Cancha

Rayada the fruits of enormous efforts and labors; it was necessary to begin anew, to do again, in months, the work of those years, reorganizing all; and now with this other inconvenient factor, accident, and Maipú was the consequence of what was well nigh an improvisation, was the most unexpected of triumphs, because in the battle the man found the unknown spring to move the very persons who admired him and comprehended him; the inspiration of the moment, what was bravado and daring at San Lorenzo,⁸ was here the spark of genius. Maipú was the freedom of Chile, won in an hour and the independence of Argentina assured for ever, many defeats wiped out, many intrigues suppressed, the bond that united the two severed strands of the revolution in the south, and it stretched toward the north the line that was to draw together all the forces of the continent for a powerful final effort. After Maipú, the emancipation entered upon the path of victory, never to return to the days of disintegrating incertitude which so often compromised it, and, as for many who initiated the great advances of history, from that day was begun against the conqueror the slow work which was to conclude by despoiling him of his titles, as it would seek to despoil him of his laurels. A vain effort the latter, although it persists still, and vain because, in order to accomplish this, it would not be sufficient to cast down certain statues and prevent the erection of others; it would be necessary to tear out the hearts of two peoples that have consecrated their hearts to the worship of his memory.

Let us not forget, in the quiver of glorification, those who were auxiliaries of the general of the Andes in the preparatory tasks, in the execution of designs, in the decisive impetus of the combat. Las Heras, Balcarce, Necochea, Thompson, Freyre, Borgoño, Alvarado, Martínez, Blanco Encalada, Zapiola, Escalada and Medina—Chileans and Argentines

⁶ See page 386 of this number of INTER-AMERICA, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

⁷ A city about fifty miles northeast of Santiago, where, on February 12, 1817, the united army of Argentines and Chileans, under San Martín and Bernardo O'Higgins, achieved a decided victory over the royalists.—THE EDITOR.

⁸ A small village in Argentina, near the river Paraná, where, on February 3, 1813, the patriots, under San Martín, defeated the royalists under Zabala: the battle was characterized by a somewhat reckless charge of cavalry, under the personal direction of San Martín; the Spanish commander was slain during the encounter.—THE EDITOR.

who from the background of human history signalize to the respective peoples the duty of tolerating and loving each other reciprocally—formed the brilliant escort with which their great captain went forth to receive upon the field of battle O'Higgins, the hero of Chacabuco,⁹ who, with his open wound, hastened to offer to the cause of his country the last sacrifice; and they form also what will accompany him for ever in the tradition of these peoples, as long as it shall remind us that we have nothing more beautiful, nothing more pure than the beginnings of our existence as nations. Let us not forget, however, either on his account or on account of the others, those who anonymously succumbed upon the famous plain, the negroes of Cuyo,¹⁰ almost all of whom found there an abiding place, rendering to the land, which for them had not had even the promise of a smile, their life or whatever they possessed; the soldiers of Coquimbo and Concepción, and even the defeated themselves, who, with Ordóñez at their head, knew how to prove that they did not merit defeat, except at the cost of making it an offering to the most generous, the most noble of human ideals. For all these must be cherished a memory worthy of the centenary celebration, but no sight will be more pleasant to their manes than the union of the streaming banners again on the field of their glorious sacrifice.

While the most frightful of wars more and more scourges and terrifies the world, let us honor the centenary of this battle

⁹ Bernardo O'Higgins, (1776-1842) was born in Chillán, Chile, of Irish parents; at the breaking out of the revolution he espoused the patriot cause, but being defeated on several occasions, he was forced to sign a treaty in which he recognized the Spanish dominion, in 1814; he again took up arms, welcomed San Martín and his trans-Andine army, and, uniting his forces with those from Argentina, he participated in the liberation of Chile; he was driven from power in 1823, remaining nine years in exile, until the senate of Chile restored to him his honors and emoluments.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁰ Province of Cujo was the ancient administrative name of the vast territory comprised in the modern jurisdictions of Mendoza, San Juan and San Luis; its centers of Mendoza and San Juan were characterized by ardent patriotism from the beginning of the revolutionary movement; here, as in many parts of South America, the free negroes were very active and staunch in their efforts to further the cause of independence.—THE EDITOR.

for freedom, where no one, either the conquerors or the conquered, struggled for a principle or an interest in the defense of which they might not take pride in the eyes of posterity.

THE BATTLE

I

The surprise of Cancha Rayada, as always happens in nocturnal encounters, was not decisive, and the dispersion was as considerable on one side as on the other. This explains why the patriotic left wing and reserve were not actively pursued, and why the column of Las Heras, in spite of its having felt the encounter keenly, could effect its retirement only weakly attacked and having to save both the wing and reserve in the face of the serious obstacle of the river Lircay. As day broke on the twentieth, all was confusion in the camp of the victors, and the only battalion that was gotten in order was that of Arequipa, commanded by its general, José Ramón Rodil, destined to be the last to keep the Spanish flag flying upon the American continent.¹¹

The commander-in-chief of the Spanish army, in going over the field of action and estimating the rich spoils of a victory in which he had not participated, was able to ascertain at the same time that in dead and wounded he had sustained the larger part. About four hundred bodies were stretched upon the field, and of them, including fifteen officers, more than half were of royalists. The retreat of Las Heras left the Spanish general burdened with cares and prevented him from measuring the importance of the respective organized forces. On the other hand, his cavalry, very inferior in number and quality, was greatly wearied and very poorly mounted. In spite of this, everything counseled him to push forward, in order to reap the fruits of the victory, and, yielding to his first impulse, he forded the Lircay and advanced to Pangué. From this point he detached, under the command of Ordóñez, a column of two battalions, two squadrons and three pieces of mountain artillery,

¹¹ The author alludes, of course, to South America.—THE EDITOR.

and he returned with the rest to Talca to reorganize his army. When Ordóñez reached Quechereguas, on the twenty-first, Las Heras, who was a day's journey ahead of him, had crossed the Lontué. Thenceforth it would be necessary that a formal campaign should be undertaken, and in these preparations four days were spent. On the twenty-fourth Osorio was able finally to set out with the bulk of his army, and to incorporate with it his vanguard at Quechereguas on the following day; while the united army,¹² reformed to the number of four thousand men, fell back upon Santiago to await him. The new campaign was begun.

From Quechereguas, the Spanish general began to doubt the importance of his victory. The independent army had disappeared on his front, but he knew that a column which composed the half of it had retired in good formation from the field of battle. He could not fall in with any important body, and his scouting parties succeeded in taking barely a few scattered prisoners. The country was deserted, the roads inundated by the overflow of the irrigating ditches, which the patriots had broken on retiring, and no one supplied him with news as to the position of the enemy. Overcoming difficulties and marching blindly, he arrived on the twenty-sixth at the banks of the Teno, and only on the twenty-eighth did he reach San Fernando, which he found abandoned and bare of available resources. From that point he began to test the ground, and to this end he sent forward a detachment of two hundred horse, whose advances fell in, on the thirtieth at Requinoa, with troops of the patriot vanguard of Rencagua, consisting of sixty mounted grenadiers, which covered the right bank of the Cachapoal. The royalist advances retired, but Captain Miguel Cajaraville (Argentine), who commanded the grenadiers, pursued them to their reserve, which he charged valiantly, putting it to the sword and killing thirty men, and among them one of their leaders, whose coat was sent to the headquarters as a trophy. This encounter was the first news which the

royalists had that they would find an enemy with whom to fight.

On March 31 the royalist army, five thousand five hundred strong, crossed the river Cachapoal, the boundary of the ancient Quichua conquest over the Araucanians. Osorio ordered a vanguard exploration of the ground, making his advances more cautiously, so that only on the afternoon of April 2 did he succeed in reaching the left bank of the Maipú. On the morning of the third he crossed this river by the ford of Lonquén, bearing ten kilometers toward the west from the main road he was following, and he camped upon the right bank in the old *hacienda* of the Jesuits called the Calera. His plan of campaign was to dominate along his front the road from Melipilla to Santiago, to deploy on his left along the one that runs from the Calera to Valparaíso, threatening the capital (Santiago) on the southwest; and with this object in view he advanced upon the *hacienda* of Espejo, where he established himself on the same night, concentrating there his baggage.

The royalist general, vacillating as always, on learning that he had in front, in battle array, the army he considered wiped out at Cancha Rayada, called a council of war, on the fourth, and he proposed to retire to Valparaíso, at the time blockaded by the Spanish squadron, for the purpose of establishing a new base of operations that would offer greater likelihood of success. His principal chiefs, and at their head Ordóñez and Primo de Rivera, opposed energetically, and it was decided that the battle should be begun on the following day. The distance that separated the two hostile armies did not reach four kilometers.

II

The theater in which these operations were to develop was a small plain, bounded on the east by the river Mapocho, which divides the city of Santiago; on the north, by the ridge that separates it from the valley of Aconcagua; and on the south, by the Maipú, which gives to the battle its name. Toward the west arise a series of hills and some low mountains that run from east to west and stand out upon the

¹²Of the Argentines and Chileans.—THE EDITOR.

horizon in monotonous, prolonged lines, the uniformity of the landscape being broken by certain clumps of thorny shrubs in a field covered by natural pasturage, and in the distance the mountains that surrounded the valley and gave it perspective. To the south of Santiago extends to a distance of some ten kilometers, in the direction already indicated, a ridge, calcareous in nature, which, because of its appearance, bears the name of the Loma Blanca (White Ridge). Upon the plateau of this ridge the patriot army manoeuvred. On its western extremity and on its front arises another higher ridge, which forms a triangle whose southern vertex rests on the *hacienda* of Espejo, already mentioned. The way to it being a sloping lane, some twenty meters wide and three hundred long, cut by a broad ditch at its bottom, and bounded on the right and left by vineyards and pastures inclosed in high walls. This was the position occupied by the royalist army. The two ridges were separated by a level depression of ground or longitudinal dell, about a kilometer wide at its widest point and two hundred and fifty meters at its narrowest. To the east of the vertex or point of the southern ridges extends a cluster of isolated hills, and among them a higher peak, in the shape of a big nipple, which forms a system with the triangle occupied by the royalists. The eastern vertex of this position, which is its more elevated portion, stands out like a bulwark and faces a frontal truncated angle of the Loma Blanca, which flanked it on one side and enfiladed it on the other. Upon this field was to be decided the fate of South American independence.

General San Martín, located on the eastern extremity of the Loma Blanca, some ten kilometers from Santiago, dominated at their conjunction the three roads that communicated with the fords of the Maipú and threatened the road from Valparaíso, thus securing for himself a retreat, at the same time that he covered the capital at its only two vulnerable points, which, for greater security, he caused to be entrenched, garrisoning it with a thousand militia and a battalion under the charge of O'Higgins, whose wound

prevented him from taking part on the field of battle. His plan was to attack the enemy upon the march, without giving him time for evolutions, if he appeared upon the roads in front; to take him on the right flank, if he followed the road from the Calera; and to cut him off from the road from Valparaíso, manoeuvring in any event with safety on the plateau of the ridge, upon ground advantageous for giving and receiving battle. To this end he divided his army into three great corps, formed in two lines: the first of them under the command of Las Heras, covering the right wing; the second, under Alvarado, the left; and the third, in reserve as a second line, in charge of Colonel H. de la Quintana.

He confided to Balcarce the general command of the infantry, retaining for himself that of the cavalry and the reserve. The first corps was composed of battalion number 11 of Las Heras (Argentine); the light horse of Coquimbo, commander Isaac Thompson (Chilean); the infantry of the Patria, commander Bustamante (Chilean); an Argentine regiment of cavalry, mounted grenadiers, to which had been added a provisional squadron of mounted artillerymen of the Argentine army, as they had no pieces to serve, and the Chilean artillery, composed of eight field pieces, in charge of Major Blanco Encalada. The second corps was composed of Alvarado's battalion, number 1 of light horse (Argentine); number 8 of the Andes, (Argentine), commander Enrique Martínez; number 1 of Chile, commander Cáceres; the light horse and the lancers of Chile (Argentine and Chilean) under command of Freyre and Bueras, with nine light pieces of Chilean artillery, in charge of Major Borgoño. The reserve consisted of two battalions, number 1 and number 3, of Chile, commanders Rivera and López; battalion number 7 of the Andes (Argentine), Conde commanding; and a battery of four twelve-pounders, commanded by de la Plaza, and served by Argentine artillerymen, who had lost their artillery at Cancha Rayada.

Counting upon victory, the general of the Andes¹³ was able to infuse confidence

¹³ San Martín.—THE EDITOR.

in all, and to this end he gave detailed instructions to his chiefs on the eve of the battle, after the example of Frederick. With the instructions, he ordered that the supply of ammunition to each soldier should be one hundred charges and six flints; that before entering the battle there should be served to them a ration of wine or brandy; and that the leaders should boldly enjoin their troops, imposing the pain of death upon any who should break the ranks either by advancing or retreating, and that they should at the same time give warning in a clear and decided manner that if any corps should retire, it would be because the general-in-chief commanded it to do so by artifice, according to his plan.

He instructed them that the battalions of the wings must always form in attacking columns, deploying only in case of necessity and upon his express orders; and that corps of infantry or cavalry bearing steel arms should not await the charge in a set position, but at the distance of fifty paces must advance to the encounter with sword or bayonet. No wounded soldier should be picked up during fire, for, he said: "Four men being needed for each wounded man, the line would be weakened in a moment."

The ensign of the general staff would be a tricolor flag, and when three flags should be hoisted, "the tricolor flag of Chile, the Argentine bicolor, and a flag of red, all the troops should cry: "Long live the patria!" and at once each corps should charge with cold steel upon the enemy whom it should find in front of it." He indicated the uniforms and the banners of the royalist army, and, in referring to the battalion of Burgos, he added: "Upon this regiment we ought to fall heavily, as it is the hope and reliance of the enemy." He recommended the chiefs of cavalry to take the offensive, this being the disposition of the American soldier, and to carry at their rear a platoon of twenty-four men to saber those who should turn tail, and to pursue the enemy. Finally, he said to them:

This battle is going to decide the fate of all America, and an honorable death on the field of honor is preferable to suffering death at the

hands of our executioners. I am certain of victory with the help of the army, which I charge always to bear in mind these remarks.

These dispositions being made and these precautions being dictated, he formed his army in two lines: in the front line, the first and second divisions, with their respective batteries spread out upon the two flanks and their cavalry in troops; in the second line, the reserve; and his batteries of heavy artillery in the center of the first. In this order they remained the second, third and fourth days of April, with a flying vanguard, commanded by Balcarce, in observation from the line of the Maipú. Upon receiving notice that the enemy was fording the river, inclining toward the west, he detached all his cavalry with orders to attack the enemy's positions, threaten his columns on the march and keep him during the night in constant alarm. The fire of the pickets drew nearer and nearer, and the repeated despatches announced that the royalists were continuing to advance. The night of the fourth was thus passed in alarm, the patriot soldiers being surrounded by great fagots of *buañil*, which illuminated the whole countryside. San Martín slept, in the meanwhile, in a mill on the side of the road, wrapped in his military coat.

As day broke on April 5, the patriot advances, under the command of Freyre and Melián, drew in, bringing news that the enemy was advancing in mass, going in the direction of the road that united with the one from Santiago to Valparaíso. San Martín, who had foreseen this movement, according to his direction on the preceding day, thought it could have no other object than to cut off his retreat upon Aconcagua, outflank him and interpose between him and the capital, or to make sure of a more secure retreat, in case of opposition, since the long distance and the rivers that would have to be crossed would render this very difficult from the south. The first of these was offset and neutralized by a simple change of front; the second was impracticable, as the enemy would have to describe an arc, of the center of which he himself was master; and the third only gave promise

of a more complete victory. In order to assure himself with his own eyes of this strategic error and to coördinate his tactical movements, he disguised himself with a countryman's poncho and hat, and, accompanied by his inseparable aide O'Brien, and the engineer d'Albe, followed by a small escort, he set out at a hand-gallop for the truncated angle of the Loma Blanca, indicated before. From there he was able to observe at a distance of four hundred meters, with the aid of his field-glasses, the flank movement which the Spanish columns executed in perfect order, drums beating and banners streaming, in taking possession of the frontal triangular hills spreading out his left upon the road from Valparaíso. "How stupid those Goths!" he exclaimed, with that mixture of resolution and good humor which characterizes heroes in supreme moments. Then he added: "Osorio is a bigger fool than I thought him." Addressing himself then to his companions, he said to them: "The victory of this day is ours. The sun is my witness." The sun appeared at that moment above the snowy crests of the Andes. The morning was serene; not a cloud obscured the heavens; the air was laden with perfume; and the birds were singing among the thorn-trees in flower.

III

At half after ten in the morning the Argentine-Chilean army began a flank movement in two parallel columns, marching toward the west from the plateau of the Loma Blanca. In the course of the march occurred an episode that history ought to take account of, because of the importance of the personages, and one that gives an idea of the temper of the general's soul at this moment. Half way across, Marshal Brayer presented himself, soliciting permission to pass on to the baths of Colina. San Martín answered him coldly: "With the same permission with which the señor general retired from the battle-field of Talca he may retire to the baths; but since, within the period of half an hour, we are going to decide the fate of Chile, and Colina is thirteen leagues away, and the enemy in sight, your Excellency may remain, if

your sickness will permit." The marshal replied: "I do not find myself in a condition to do so, because my old wound in the leg will not permit me." San Martín replied to him in an angry tone: "Señor general, the least drummer of the united army has more honor than your Excellency." Wheeling his horse, he gave orders to Balcarce, on the march, that he should make known to the army that the general of twenty years of combats was suspended from his position because he was unworthy to fill it. After this incident, which produced the effect of a proclamation, the army continued its march until it faced the position of the enemy. There he pitched his army in battle formation in two lines of solid masses by battalions, with the batteries of heavy artillery in the center of the first of them, the light troops on his two extremes and the cavalry protecting his two wings in columns by squadrons, the reserve, drawn up in close parallel columns, being placed one hundred and fifty meters in the rear.

The royalist general, who had occupied the center of the plateau of the triangular hill to the south, on observing the movement of the independents, hurled against their left a thick column composed of eight companies of grenadiers and light horse, with four pieces of artillery, under command of Primo de Rivera, who occupied the nipple that arose there, with the double object of turning the patriot right and taking the columns on the flank, while at the same time assuring his retreat along the Valparaíso road according to his persistent idea.

The space between the nipple and the northern part of the triangle was covered by Morgado, with squadrons of dragoons from the frontier. Upon the hill he formed in battle over the northwesterly-southwesterly projection in a broken line with the nipple, but without covering all the profiles of the heights toward the north. He put the battalions of the Infante don Carlos and Arequipa, forming a division, under command of Ordóñez, and upon the left, the Burgos and Concepción battalions, under the orders of Commander Lorenzo Morla, with four pieces of artillery assigned to each of the two divisions. The

extreme right was covered by the king's lancers and the dragoons of Concepción.

Thus disposed, the hostile armies found themselves face to face at the stroke of twelve in the day, separated only by the narrow dell which extended between the two lines of hills occupied by the independents and the royalists. The two armies remained for some time motionless, in their respective positions, as if each waited for the enemy to take the initiative. All the probabilities seemed to be against the one that should assume the offensive: it would have to cross the exposed level ground while suffering the fire of musketry and cannon, which would sweep it, and climb the heights in front to drive the enemy from them. For the patriots the disadvantage was even greater, as their right would previously have to dislodge the force that occupied the advanced nipple, or traverse a space of a thousand meters flanked by the fire of their cannon. Both positions were strong and well planned for the defensive, the ground of the royalists being more advantageous. As to physical and moral strength, it was almost balanced, the decision being about exactly equal, although the royalists exceeded in numbers. In respect of arms, the superiority of the independents was incontestable in artillery and cavalry, both in number and quality; but even if they had nine battalions of infantry, some of them were formed by not more than two hundred men, while the four full battalions, divided into eight companies, on which the royalists could count, included nearly a thousand bayonets each. The only thing that inclined the balance of probabilities was the weight of the minds of the generals; but it had already been seen how, at Cancha Rayada, the most able combinations that gave assurance of victory produced defeat as a result. The plan of San Martín was not precisely that of a battle in oblique order, yet nevertheless, it resulted in such by the daring, the consummate art and the prudence with which it was conducted. It was an inspiration of the battle-field, sprung from the errors of the enemy and the emergencies of the action at the decisive moment, and this causes its merits as a tactical combination to stand out. San

Martín himself never attributed any other, and disdaining with proud modesty to adorn himself with borrowed laurels, he insinuated incidentally that to the oblique attack was due in part the victory, without adding that, more than all, it was due to the opportune use he made of his reserve, as will soon be seen. The points in relief of the respective positions and the projections of the two lines of battle were almost parallel; but the royalists had withdrawn their right, thus resting on the middle of the ridge, without covering their profiles, as has been said, and thence it resulted that the independent left should dominate the royalist right in its position and formation, and that, having to cross here the least distance of the intermediate dell, it might carry out with advantage an oblique attack or flanking movement with the aid of the reserve. Such is the tactical synthesis of the battle of Maipú in its preliminaries.

The general-in-chief, who had set his ensign in the center of the first line, observing the inaction of the enemy, gave order to open fire with the four batteries served by the Argentine artillerists for the purpose of drawing his artillery fire and disclosing his plans. One of the balls killed the horse of the Spanish general-in-chief. The Spanish artillery at once replied to this fire with its own, maintaining its formation and supplying San Martín the data he required. It was evident that Osorio had prepared for a defensive battle, and this was clearly indicated, besides, by his formation, and the fact of his not having occupied the profile of the ridges of his position, with a view to utilizing for a longer time the fire of his infantry, and thus making use of the distance in order to give with advantage, at an opportune moment, a bayonet charge with his heavy battalions, as soon as they had decimated the troops of the independents. General San Martín then had the intuition of the victory that was to decide the destinies of free America. He gave audaciously the signal of attack, ordering hoisted the Argentine and Chilean flags and between them a flag as red as a flame of blood. His penetrating eye had discovered the weak flank of

the enemy, which was his right. The "columns glided down," according to the picturesque expression of the general himself in his despatches, and "marched to the charge, weapons in hand, upon the hostile line," with enthusiasm, at quick-step. The reserve and artillery remained in their positions, awaiting the orders of the general.

IV

The movement began on the right, but this was not the true point of attack. Its object was twofold: to dislodge the left of the enemy, deployed over the nipple, and to threaten the front or the left of his center, thus contributing to the attack of the left, which had to travel over the least distance between the elevations, in order to reach the more exposed flank. In accordance with the success of one or the other wing, the battle would begin on the right or on the left, the reserve taking part opportunely in support of the one that had the advantage or the disadvantage: in the first instance, it would be a frontal battle, cutting off the left, and overwhelming the enemy's right; and in the second, a true oblique attack of the right, Las Heras flanking or taking the royalist columns in the rear, and this was what San Martín proposed to himself, when he utilized the error committed by Osorio, who would be obliged to enter into combat with all his forces, while altering his formation. Under these conditions, the secret of victory was in the proper use of the reserve.

Las Heras advanced gallantly without firing a shot, at the head of number 11 of the Andes, which was the nerve of the army's infantry, and sustained by the two battalions that formed his brigade; hurled upon the plain the squadrons of mounted grenadiers; and threatened the position of the nipple.

The battery of four cannon on the nipple opened fire on number 11 as soon as it came into view, causing no small losses in its ranks; but it continued to advance with rapidity, followed by the light troops of Coquimbo and the infantry of the Patria of Chile, while the artillery of Blanco Encalada, which had remained in

position upon the hill, supported the attack, discharging its projectiles upon the patriot columns that marched across the low ground. Primo de Rivera, who comprehended that the purpose of Las Heras was to isolate him from his line of battle, hurled forward, on his part, his cavalry placed between the nipple and the triangular ridge. Morgado charged at the head of the dragoons of the frontier. Las Heras formed in mass and waited, giving orders to Zapiola to charge on the right with his cavalry. The first two squadrons of grenadiers, under the orders of Commanders Manuel Escalada and Manuel Martínez, pushed out to meet them saber in hand, and they sent to the rightabout the royalist horsemen, who received in their flight the discharges of Blanco Encalada's artillery, and they were obliged to take refuge behind their former position. Escalada and Medina were received by discharges of musketry and grape-shot from the nipple; they were rolled back into confusion, but promptly recovered order; they left on their right the fortified heights, and, firmly supported by the squadrons of the reserve, commanded by Zapiola, they continued onward in pursuit of the defeated, who were dispersed or hurled back in disorder upon the division of Morla on the ridge. Las Heras established himself solidly with number 11 upon an intermediate peak, facing the nipple and the northeast angle of the triangle, in position to attack the nipple and aid in the attack of the left. The left wing of the royalists was thus isolated and the left of their center threatened.

Almost simultaneously with the charge of the grenadiers upon the right, the left wing climbed the heights of the royalist position, along the eastern angle, beginning an enveloping movement without yet making out the enemy corps. The royalists, aware of the error of having withdrawn their right, thus losing the advantages that the ground gave them, or carried away by their ardor, decided to take the offensive. Ordóñez, at the head of the battalions of the Infante don Carlos and Concepción, with two pieces of artillery, marched out boldly to meet the patriots

in two parallel columns of attack. He was followed very soon by the Burgos and Arequipa battalions, commanded by Morla, in the same order and in deep formation on their left, Osorio, who had begun to fear for his right, and noting that he was without reserves, commanded to concentrate upon the center of the line the column of grenadiers detached upon the nipple with Primo de Rivera. Ordóñez, ascending one of the hills of the battle-field with his division, found himself at a distance of some hundred meters in front of that of Alvarado. An encounter of musketry was at once begun, causing ravages in both ranks. Unfortunately for the independents, two of their battalions—number 8 of the Andes and number 2 of Chile—which occupied in a flat the dangerous zone of the opposing fire, suffered considerable losses in the first moments: number 8, composed of the free negroes of Cuyo, commanded by Enrique Martínez, fell into disorder, after losing half its force, and it retired dispersed; number 3 attempted a bayonet charge, in order to reopen the fight, and in carrying out this operation it also was dispersed. Alvarado, who covered the left with number 1 of the light horse of the Andes, formed in line of battle and opened fire; but he, in turn, was obliged to retire in order to avoid a total defeat. Victory on that side seemed to be decided in favor of the Spanish arms.

Ordóñez, and Morla, with their four full battalions, massed in two dense lines, carrying some 3,500 bayonets, hurled themselves in pursuit of the left wing of the independents, almost cut to pieces, and the heads of their columns descended impetuously the declivities of the ridge, with loud shouts of victory. At this moment the Chilean artillery of Borgoño, which with its nine light pieces had continued to occupy the opposite crest of the Loma Blanca, opened upon the victors a lively fire of roundshot, which caused them to hesitate; they reacted immediately, but upon the plain they were received by a rain of grape-shot which broke their columns, causing them to give ground, in spite of the courageous efforts of Ordóñez and Morla. Upon observing these effects, Las Heras ordered the infantry of the

Patria of Chile, to charge the flank of Morla's division; but it was thrown back and retired in some disorder. For twenty minutes the struggle was maintained in this uncertain state, when the sound to charge of the independent reserve was heard, and its columns were soon moving at double-quick toward the east angle of the enemy's position.

San Martín, who had remained upon the top of the Loma Blanca observing the first movements of his right, dictating his orders with coolness, according to circumstances, moved forward with his general staff to the neighborhood of the advanced position occupied by Las Heras, in order to direct nearer at hand the operations of his line. Upon noting from this point the throwing back of his left, he ordered the reserve to charge in its support, hastening with his escort to the spot where the action would be decided by a last and supreme effort. Colonel H. de la Quintana, at the head of the first and seventh battalions of the Andes and the third Chilean battalion, descended the slope, crossed the dell, effecting with his columns an oblique march to his left, and reached the east angle of the enemy's position at the moment when the Spanish columns had been rolled back upon it by the searching fire of Borgoño's artillery. At sight of the reserves, the eighth battalion of the Andes and the second of Chile formed again, and, upon the base of the light horse of the Andes, which had not wholly lost its formation, entered the line, while Quintana was climbing the slope of the triangle a little to the right of the point where Alvarado had attacked it before. The oblique attack was begun and the battle was about to change its aspect.

V

The royalist left being isolated, deprived of the support of the cavalry, which united it with its line of battle, and weakened by the companies of grenadiers which, by order of Osorio, had gone to form the general reserve, Las Heras prepared to storm its position, leaving behind on the nipple his four cannon. The eleventh battalion of the Andes and the light horse

of Coquimbo then converged upon the center, actively pursuing the forces of Primo de Rivera, and took the enemy in the rear, while the battalion of the infantry of the Patria of Chile, reformed, returned to engage in the attack on the left. The battle was concentrated in a small space upon the triangular plateau of the ridge of Espejo, where it was going to be decided.

Almost simultaneously the combat was renewed with more fury on both sides along the opposite extreme of the line. In order to open the attack on that side, San Martín ordered the light horse of the Andes and the lancers of Chile to push back the cavalry of the enemy's right. Bueras and Freyre carried out the order gallantly: they hurled an irresistible charge against the king's lancers and the dragoons of Concepción, who came out to meet them, crushed them to pieces and pursued them a good distance in bands until they dispersed them completely. Bueras died in the charge, pierced by a bullet. Freyre, taking command of all the squadrons, climbed the heights and threatened the right flank of Ordóñez. The royalist cavalry of both flanks had disappeared. The final combat was begun between the Argentine-Chilean infantry and the Spanish.

The three battalions of reserves, commanded by Quintana, were lined in solid masses: the seventh battalion of the Andes, more advanced on the left; the eighth and ninth of Chile, at the center and left, a little in the rear. In ascending the heights they came almost hand to hand with the columns of Ordóñez and Morla, which, hidden by a depression in the ground, manoeuvred obliquely upon their left in order to face the new attack, without giving heed to Alvarado's broken division. The Burgos battalion, which had not entered into the fight during the first encounter, broke out its ancient banner crowned at Bailén, and its soldiers, filled with enthusiasm, cried: "Here comes Burgos! Eighteen battles won! Not one lost!" The battle was taken up with new ardor to the cries of "Long live the patria!" "Long live the king!" Independents and royalists put forth heroic efforts to achieve victory. Distances were short-

ened. The independents attacked with impetuous intrepidity. The royalists resisted tenaciously, without yielding a single pace.

"With difficulty," says San Martín in his despatch, "could there have been seen a bolder, more rapid and more sustained attack, and never was seen a more vigorous, more firm and more tenacious resistance."

Alvarado's division, reformed in great part, entered the fire at the same point where it had climbed the hill before and joined the reserve in the attack, at the same time that Borgoño, with his eight pieces, marched at a gallop to occupy the eastern point. The patriot right, with the advanced artillery of Blanco Encalada, converged upon the center and took the royalists in the rear. Freyre's cavalry, victorious, threatened their right flank. The battalion of Burgos waved its banner and fought like a lion. The Arequipa, commanded by Rodil, maintained its position unmoved. The battalions of the Infante don Carlos and Concepción, personally directed by Ordóñez, fought with desperation. At this moment the general-in-chief of the king abandoned the field of battle and gave himself up to flight. Ordóñez, the most worthy to command the royalists in victory and defeat, took charge of the formidable column of Spanish infantry and attempted to spread out its masses; but the ground was too narrow for him and he became entangled in his own evolutions. Number 7 of the Andes and number 1 of Chile charged with bayonets to the cry of "Long live liberty!" and the escort of San Martín, under the command of Major Ángel Pacheco, together with Freyre, charged upon their right flank. Burgos formed a square and hurled back the attacks, although with heavy loss. The stubborn combat lasted for half an hour. The royalists, surrounded, without cavalry to support them, and exhausted by fatigue, hesitated and began to yield, but without falling into disorder. The last hope was the reserve of grenadiers spread out on the left, which was unable to arrive in time, and the light horse of Morgado, who, pursued closely by Las Heras, were cut to

pieces, and they turned in flight along the lane of Espejo. Ordóñez, with his thinned ranks, began with serenity the retreat toward the *hacienda* of Espejo, in massed formation. San Martín redoubled his commands to pursue vigorously, in order to prevent any reaction, and he concentrated his army. Ordóñez continued his retrograde movement, and with his last remnants he took refuge in the *hacienda* of Espejo. The battle was decided in favor of the independents. San Martín, with the laconism of a Spartan general, dictated from his horse the first despatch of the battle, and the surgeon Paroissiens wrote it, with his hands stained with the blood of the wounded he was amputating: "We have just won the engagement completely. A small remnant is flying; our cavalry is pursuing to make an end of it. The country is free." The enemies of the great South American captain have said that San Martín was drunk when he wrote this despatch. A Chilean historian has avenged this insult with an energetic sarcasm: "Imbeciles! He was drunk with glory!"

At this instant were heard great outcries on the field. It was O'Higgins, who was arriving. The director, when he learned that the battle was about to be joined, devoured by the fever caused by his wound, mounted his horse, and, at the head of a part of the garrison of Santiago, set out for the theater of action. Upon reaching the neighborhood, he heard the first cannon-shot and quickened his march. On the way, a messenger brought him the news that the patriot left wing had been defeated, and he continued forward without hesitating, but, upon reaching the hill, he had evidences of victory. He came forward at a full gallop with his staff, and he met San Martín near the southwest point of the triangle, at the moment when he was planning the final attack upon the position of Espejo. From his horse he threw his left arm around San Martín's neck and exclaimed: "Glory to the savior of Chile!" The great conqueror, pointing to the bloody bandages upon the director's left arm, burst out: "General, Chile will never forget your self-sacrifice in presenting yourself upon the field of battle

with your glorious wound open." The two conferred together in order to complete the victory. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was sinking on the horizon.

The battle was not terminated. Ordóñez, nothing daunted, had taken possession of the houses of Espejo, resolved to save the honor of his arms by resistance or the lives of his soldiers, in a protected retreat under cover of darkness. He concentrated there the companies of grenadiers and light horse, almost intact, and the remnants of Burgos, Concepción and the Infante don Carlos, Arequipa having retired in disorder from the field, with its commander, Rodil. The valiant Spanish general, with his admirable *sang fr id*, arranged everything personally with ability and decision. He placed at the foot of the lane, behind a wide ditch, in front of a little bridge, the only two cannon that remained to him, sustained by four companies of musketeers. He formed the larger part of his infantry upon a little elevation in front of the houses, facing the two vulnerable fronts; gathered in the court of the houses his reserve, ready to hasten to all the threatened points; covered with detachments the lateral lanes; and extended around him, protected by the walls and ambuscaded by the vineyards, a circle of light horse. In this resolute attitude he decided to await the last attack. Las Heras was the first who, pursuing the troops of Morgado, reached the southwest corner facing the elevated mouth that dominated the lane of Espejo. He immediately took account of the situation, and prudently ordered that the battalion should descend to the plain, hide behind a little nipple to the east of the houses (the Spanish left) and await the signal of the cornet to reach the summit and open fire. As other battalions arrived, he assigned them their positions, and properly established the artillery on the highest part of the peak, so as to cannonade the position before making the assault. At this moment General Balcarce arrived and imperatively ordered the battalion of Coquimbo light horse to attack without loss of time along the lane. Commander Thompson gave the signal and resolutely

penetrated the defile in column. There he was received by the grape-shot of the two pieces that defended it. He attempted to advance; but new discharges of musketry from the front and the flanks stopped him, and finally caused him to retire in defeat, leaving on the spot 250 corpses, saving, however, his wounded officers. They then returned to the well calculated plan of Las Heras. Commanders Borgoño and Blanco Encalada opened fire with the seventeen pieces, which in less than a quarter of an hour overcame all resistance, obliging the royalists, shattered by the cannonade, to take refuge in the houses and the vineyard of the *fondo*.¹⁴ The signal of assault was given: number ten, assisted by two pickets of the seventh and eighth Andes, charged on the flank, breaking down the walls and bayoneting all who presented themselves. The battle was ended. The royalists were dispersed, huddling in the adjacent cross-roads, vineyards and pasture lots. At this moment there appeared in the final struggle an auxiliary regiment of militia from Aconcagua, which, lances in hand, captured hundreds of prisoners like cattle in their folds. The conquerors, angered by the sacrifice of the Coquimbo battalion, continued to kill, until Las Heras appeared and ordered that the useless butchery cease. A few minutes afterward he received the swords of the heroic General Ordóñez, the chief of staff, Major Primo de Rivera; the chief of division, Morla; the colonels of cavalry, Morgado and Rodríguez; and, with the exception of Rodil, all the officers of the royalist infantry: Laprida, Besa, Latorre, Jiménez, Navia, Bagona and a multitude of officers. Las Heras extended both hands to Ordóñez and saluted him as his companion in heroism, offering him nobly his friendship and aiding with his authority his companions in misfortune.

VI

The trophies of this campaign were 12 cannon, 4 banners, 1,000 of the enemy dead, a general, 4 colonels, 7 lieutenant-

¹⁴A word in common use in Chile with the same meaning as the Castilian *hacienda* or the Argentine *estancia*, a country estate, with the buildings, etc., that go with it.—THE EDITOR.

colonels, 150 officers, and 2,200 prisoners of the line; 3,850 muskets, 1,200 carbines, the military chest, the equipment and the ammunition of the defeated army. This victory, the most hotly fought in the war for South American independence, was bought by the independents at the price of the loss of more than a thousand men, among killed and wounded, the greater tribute being paid by the free negroes of Cuyo, of whom more than half lay upon the field. More than for its trophies, Maipú was the first great American battle, historically and scientifically considered. Because of the correct strategic marches which preceded it, and on account of the able tactical manoeuvres upon the field of action, as also for the fitting culmination and prudent employment of weapons, it was militarily, a notable, if not a perfect model of the parallel attack which was converted into an oblique attack by the wise application of reserves to the flank of the enemy that was the weaker by formation and the stronger in quality and number of troops, an inspiration that decided the victory. It is worthy of note that San Martín, like Epaminondas, won only two great battles, and the two by the same oblique order invented by the Greek soldier. By reason of its transcendent importance, the battle of Maipú may be compared only to that of Boyacá, which was its immediate consequence, and to that of Ayacucho, which was its remote and final consequence. But for Maipú, neither Boyacá nor Ayacucho would have taken place. Had the independents been overthrown at Maipú, Chile would have been lost to the cause of emancipation, and, with Chile, probably the Argentine revolution, inclosed as it was within its frontiers threatened by two victorious armies at its two most vulnerable points, from that time immune. Above all, without Chile the control of the Pacific would not have been obtained, the expedition to Lower Perú would have been impossible and Bolívar would not have been able to converge toward the south, although triumphing in the north over the two Spanish armies with which he fought, and doing so, he would have encountered 30,000 men and a closed sea.

Besides, Maipú broke for ever the military nerve of the Spanish army in America and carried discouragement to all those who upheld the cause of the king, from México to Perú, while giving new spirit to the independents. Chacabuco had been the revenge of Sipe-Sipe; Maipú was the precursor of all the successive advantages. It had besides the singular merit of being won by an army routed and inferior in number, fifteen days after its defeat, a singular example in military history. From the battle-field were saved only the battalion of Arequipa, which, commanded by Rodil, retreated in good order, dispersing after passing the Maule, and those who were scattered by the cavalry. The Spanish general-in-chief, panic-stricken, had abandoned the field at three o'clock in the afternoon followed by his escort, as soon as he saw that his right and center were being rolled back in defeat, without thinking of anything but the security of his person. His flight being indicated to San Martín by a white poncho that he wore, San Martín detached his aide O'Brien with a party to pursue him without rest. Osorio was able to save himself by taking the road to the coast, but he left in the hands of O'Brien his equipage and all of his official and private correspondence. The defeated general reached Talcahuano at the head of fourteen men (April 14), and there they joined six hundred others who had escaped from the rout, the last remnants of the triumphant army of Cancha Rayada. General San Martín fell into the error, as afterward at Chacabuco, of not pushing the pursuit and thus securing from the victory all the immediate results. It has been said in his defense that the Chilean government found itself unable to supply quickly the necessary resources for the active continuation of the new campaign in the south, it being probable that, occupied in vaster plans, above all, in the naval armament that it was projecting in order to gain control of the Pacific, and all its attention absorbed, it overlooked this completely, without giving to it due importance. It limited itself, during the first moments, to detailing Freyre with a detachment of line cavalry, and only when the parties of militia who

were pursuing the fugitives began to commit depredations, did it give orders to Colonel Zapiola that he, at the head of two hundred and fifty mounted grenadiers, should start south and keep the enemy under observation along the line of the Maule, establishing headquarters at Talca. The victory was so great that there was room for everything, even for committing and correcting errors. On his part, Zapiola discharged his mission with intelligence and activity. He disarmed the irregular guerrillas, who dishonored the cause of independence by stirring up resistance in the southern part of the country. He extracted from the deposits of Talca all the war materials which the enemy in his flight had thrown into the river Maule. He established a service of vigilance and espionage along the line of the Maule and the territory dominated by the enemy to the south of the Ñuble; and finally he gave organization to the militia of the locality, preparing it to assume a partial offensive. It was all that he could do with such slender resources.

Osorio took advantage of the respite the conqueror gave him to collect some military stores, and he sustained himself at Concepción and Talcahuano, holding as a line of defense the Ñuble. He united the garrisons of the frontier of Arauco, and he ordered Colonel Sánchez to stand firm in Chillán, being able, about the middle of May, to count on an organized force of twelve hundred men, but with only six hundred firearms. In this attitude he asked for new instructions and for aid from Perú. The viceroy, Pezuela, had considered Chile definitely lost after Maipú and he thought only of seeing to the defense of his own threatened territory. Upon the first news of the defeat, he convoked in Lima a committee of the corporations, and in an address he delivered to them, he gave to the battle the continental importance which it possessed, and which testifies to the profound impression it had caused in the minds of the royalists of America. He said:

Our ulterior calculations ought to begin with the very certain idea that our enemies, always active, bold and resourceful, will not waste a moment in putting into execution

every sort of aggressive plan, the result of which will be favored by their recent successes. These plans are none other than to hasten to send an expedition to these extensive coasts to introduce disorder and revolution among the peoples, and to propagate them from one to another, until they succeed in causing this very capital (Lima) to succumb, the object of their perpetual designs, as from its inexhaustible bosom have gone forth from the beginning of the revolution, and into all the contaminated points, the dispositions and means against which so often their obstinate efforts have been launched. I am sure that such have been their aspirations at all times, and I am convinced that they are acting at present with the most extraordinary enterprise, to realize as soon as possible their favorite project. In order to promise themselves a prosperous future in their attempts, I know that they count upon certain persons attached to their ideas, who secretly exist among the most faithful people; they depend with the best reason upon the firm assistance of a numerous following of slaves, who exist here, desirous of liberty, just as they have been able to do in Buenos Aires. I know also that, in order to realize what they have projected, they have bought two ships-of-war, that their intention was to give battle to our squadron and then, having become masters of the sea, to send with the greatest speed nautical expeditions to points along the coast. The defensive provisions of the government ought to embrace therefore two methods of resistance.

Such was the consternation which the defeat at Maipú produced in Perú that Pezuela—in order to quiet the fears of the troops of the country, gathered in the suburbs of Lima, among whom was announced a new expedition to Chile—was obliged to address to them the following proclamation:

It has come to my attention that many of you are ill pleased, believing that you have to set out for Chile to join the army of the king that has remained there. I assure you that the object of your coming to the capital is none other than to maintain public tranquillity.

The proud viceroy, the conqueror at Vilcapugio, Ayohuma and Sipe-Sipe, three years before, in putting himself strictly on the defensive, besought in the most anguished terms the speedy assistance of the viceroy Sámaco and of Morillo in Venezuela and Nueva Granada:

The tenor of the communications has aggravated anew the doleful impression of the fatal event (that of Maipú), the imagination refusing to be convinced as to how it could happen that an army completely dispersed at one point should reform in fifteen days at another, eighty or more leagues distant, in a condition to do battle with its conquerors, which did not leave off pursuing it very closely, from the very fact of the small number of days that intervened between the two actions. The outcome of the sad event is too certain, however, as it is that Osorio, after having lost all, and having begun his retreat with a thousand men, the only ones remaining of the army who were able to save themselves, should reach Concepción with but fourteen, the rest having been killed or dispersed by the cavalry of the enemy who pursued them to the death for so long a distance. For the present, my incessant exertions have as their object the collection and instruction of recruits designed for the defense of the capital and the coasts of the district, in order to repel any maritime aggression whatsoever, the accomplishment of which presents no inconsiderable difficulties. I reiterate therefore my request regarding what I besought in my last official communication, and that you be persuaded that my straits have reached the gravest degree.

The viceroy of Nueva Granada answered him:

the fatal defeat which the troops of our master the king have suffered near Santiago de Chile places the viceroyalty (of Perú), and all this continent, throughout its southern extent, in consternation and danger.

Along with this letter he sent him the Numancia battalion, 1,200 strong, which at that time was in Popayán, a reinforcement that both weakened the royalists at that point and facilitated the invasion of Nueva Granada by Bolívar. It was a new contingent added to the cause of American independence, as will be seen later. General Morillo, who at the head of a Peninsular expedition of 10,000 men, had arrived at Costa Firme, at the time exhausted in Venezuela, upon learning the details of the battle of Maipú, pronounced the melancholy words that forecast the fatal overthrow:

The unfortunate occurrence to the armies of his majesty, near Santiago de Chile, fills me with the bitterest regret. I understand

that the army of the king, victorious at Lircay, with 5,000 men against 10,000 of the enemy's, would have been defeated equally, if it had possessed 55,000, by the same chiefs and the same troops that have destroyed it on the plains of Maipú.

So the plan of the continental campaign, a beginning of which San Martín had made in Tucumán, in 1814, was at last comprehended in its consequences by the enemy, who, upon the announcement of its second

stage, no longer considered himself secure, either on land or sea, and he had the premonition of his total defeat throughout all the extent of southern America. Never did a military conception have so decisive a moral influence upon events, imparting terror to the adversary by a mere threat, even before experiencing near at hand its final effects. These are the far-reaching ideas, methodically executed, that characterize the true military genius.



THE ANCIENT RACES AND CIVILIZATIONS OF PERÚ

BY

HORACIO H. URTEAGA

The value of monumental evidence in historical investigation.—The oldest civilized races.—The invading races.—The value of philology for discovering the political dominations that have been blotted out from tradition.—Geographical positions.—Prehistoric struggles.—Military defenses and their orientation.—The knowledge of Cieza de León.—Ancient Quechua culture distributed in the neighborhood of Titicaca.—Characteristics of the Colla race.—The representations of ancient culture revealed in works of stone.

THE traveler who, freed of the prejudices caused by the reading of Inca legends and the narratives of hasty investigators, travels over the vast table-land of Callao, traverses aerial trails, navigates astonishing lakes held in suspense at more than four thousand meters above the level of the sea, frequents the shores of Titicaca where at every step he encounters the remains of strange and profound legends in which are enmeshed historic story; he who, having dominated all this vast Andine plateau of perpetual snows, moves across the stupendous basin of the Vilcanota and studies the situation of these regions where nature has lavished her favors, in rare contrast with the misery exhibited by the plains; he who searches out the vestiges of human habitations among these vales of the Andes, which open here and there from the heights of La Raya to the narrow gorges of Machu-Picchu, has abundant grounds to enable him to discover the historical truth which lurks amid the obscure legends or which has been clouded by the slow work of the centuries.

At a remote period, probably some four thousand years before our day, when nature on the table-land did not wear for the inhabitants of the immense plain the ungrateful countenance now displayed,¹ strong and enterprising races ruled a vast region throughout almost all the sierra of Perú, developed a culture brought already in precious germ from the stock whence they proceeded, elaborated a

rich and sonorous language, and, polishing their gross beliefs, fashioned for themselves an advanced religious conception, drawn from the forces of nature,² which they personified by rearing to them magnificent sanctuaries.

As in Egypt in the period of the Hyksos, these ancient civilized peoples suffered from the invasion of new races, rude and hungry, and, being conquered, they lost their domination and had their evolution set back by many centuries.

Among the invaders there came to the plains of the table-land peoples immigrated from some extreme of the earth. This historical problem, unsolvable up to the present, has given rise to diverse hypotheses to explain it. Perhaps the most probable explanation is that which supposes the immigrations that came to the Peruvian-Chilean coast, at a very remote time, spread themselves out by following the course of the Andine passes and the currents of the rivers that empty into the

¹A. Posnanske: *El clima del altiplano y la extensión del lago Titicaca*, La Paz, 1911.

²See, regarding this, our study of the year 1909: *El antiguo Perú a la luz de la arqueología y la crítica*, published in the *Revista Histórica*, Vol. IV, pp. 200-223. Although subsequently, as the effect of later studies and observations upon the ground, we have modified in large measure our theory of that time, and the proof of it is that in the present monographic study regarding the traces and orientation of the peoples of the plateau along the sierra, we reproduce what we said then. Our way of thinking at that time differed from the present in the preponderance we then gave to the currents of immigration from the north, which did not exercise influence upon the oldest cultures developed in the sierra of the south of Perú, nor had they impeded the expansion of the Quechuas first and of the Collas afterward.

Pacific ocean, along the sierra of Upper and Lower Perú,³ and, accommodating themselves to the physical environment, acquired distinct characteristics, developed a special language⁴ and differentiated themselves very radically from the new peoples who arrived a little later, following, like the former, the route of the west, and whose vestiges are still visible on the island of Pascuas, eleven kilometers from the coast of Chile: an island that still preserves monuments of stone in the same style as those of Tiahuanaco, and the monolithic idols of which show that it was religious thought itself that animated the artists who carved them.⁵ Tempted by the exuberance of the surpassingly rich lands, they began to initiate terrible struggles, fighting inch by inch for the land necessary to feed their flocks, at first, and for the cultivation of the products of the soil, afterward. Obscure traditions were still related, in the time of Cieza, of the cruel rivalries between the races of the Collas, and of the domination, after terrible strife, of Cari and Zapana;⁶ but these leaders of the Collas appear in tradition as far subsequent to the more remote dominations, inasmuch as the Indians told Cieza that

when those ancient chiefs fought with the Indians of Callao, they had to conquer many

fortresses (pucas), and that one of them entered the lake of Titicaca and found, on the largest island contained by that body of water, white people who had beards with whom he fought in such a manner that he was able to kill them all.⁷

The existence of prior dominations in these places, from a very remote date, and even before the rule of the Collas, is attested by the presence of ruins of villages of the paleolithic age and of the great artificial defenses that could still be perceived by the first Spanish conquerors, and whose purpose and origin were completely unknown to the Quechuas and the Aymarás. Every peopled center of this region was defended by forts situated at strategic points; the populated centers continued down to the period of the Incas, the generations dwelling after each other in the same houses, taking advantage of the availability of locations, as a general rule, but their antiquity is corroborated by the originality of the names and by the geographical positions, some of them of Aimará affiliation, whose character testifies that a more recent and widespread domination imposed the name on the region or upon the geographical surroundings or upon the town. Another deduction that results from observing attentively the characteristics of these localities of the table-land is the direction which from of old the immigrations followed, apart from the traditional accounts, all of which agree in this respect;⁸ the direction of the regions inhabited by the settled populations and of the ruins of the fortresses verify the assertion, all mark the trace of a migratory current, come from the south. The position of the fortresses and walls reveals that both were erected for the defense of peoples who came from the south and not from the north, of peoples who were fertile regions that are to be found on the table-land of Titicaca, along the rich valleys, first, of the Vilcanota, and afterward, of the Urubama and the Apurimac.

³ Alto (Upper) and Bajo (Lower) Perú were used in colonial times to describe territory that later was occupied respectively by the republics of Bolivia and Perú.—THE EDITOR.

⁴ Altitude is another powerful factor in the evolution of language. In proportion as it increases above the level of the sea, we note that consonants multiply and sounds are more harsh and explosive. On the coast vowels predominate, and in the Andine regions, explosive consonants prevail. Sound has not a necessary relation to idea, for harsh sounds express simple ideas, and, on the contrary, simple sounds, terrifying ideas. Barranca: *Lingüística peruana*.—*Raíces kichuas*, Boletín de la Sociedad Geográfica, Vol. XXXI, first quarter, p. 8.

⁵ See *El Perú primitivo y los descubrimientos en la isla de Pascuas en El Perú: Bocetos históricos*, by H. Urteaga, pp. 303-308.

⁶ See the intelligent studies of Dr. L. Villar: *Lexicología keshua*, Uirakocha, 1887; of Dr. P. Patrón, *Huirakocha*, Buenos Aires, 1901; and the study of my intelligent friend, Luis E. Valcárcel: *Kon, Pachacamac and Uirakocham*, without accepting in the last of these the explanation of the conception of the Pachacamac of the Yungas. See also our study: *El fetichismo de los yungas y los huacos simbólicos de Nazca y del chimú*, Boletín de la Sociedad Geográfica, Vol. XXXII, chaps. 1 and 2, pp. 165-182.

⁷ Pedro Cieza de León: *Crónica del Perú*, Madrid, 1853, chap. C.

⁸ Cieza de León: *Señorio de los incas*, chap. IV; Montesinos: *Memorias históricas*, chap. XIII, p. 75, and chap. XXII, p. 129.

Cieza tells us that at the time when he went over these regions, probably between 1545 and 1548, there was preserved the memory of the greatness of Chucuito, a great province "one of the most ancient of all that have been described, according to the account which Indians themselves give, a region in which, before it was ruled by the Incas, the lords of this people were very powerful, of whom two are to be considered as the principal ones: Cari and Yumalla." The magnificent stretches of this western region of the Titicaca already boasted very ancient cities. Cieza calls them Xuli, Chilane, Acos, Pomata, Cepita, corresponding to the present Juli, Ilave, Pomata y Zepita, of Aimará affiliation and not of Quechua. The peoples of Colla stock in this region, testify to the stay of this race in the table-land from a remote period, and which swept like a devastating avalanche over the old dominations, which it destroyed first and extinguished afterward, to the extreme of wiping out the memory of events that occurred in the life of the conquered race, so that they were not able to give an account of the traces of the old civilizations whose vestiges remained at Tiahuanaco, Arapa, Pancarcollo, Carabuco and Silustani. This ignorance was, on the other hand, the result of their rudeness and the incessant preoccupation of their narrow and famished life, in the midst of an ungrateful nature which denied them subsistence and left for their brains no other occupation than meditation upon the struggle for existence, nor to their activity any other impulse than the satisfying of their primary necessities. A sociologist of the table-land has traced with masterly strokes the characteristics of the Colla race, the same to-day as it was long ago in the prehistoric ages; and he has indicated the true effects of the physical environment. "Let a man become settled in this region," he says, "abandoned by all the powers, alone in the midst of an inclement climate and a forbidding soil: and the sentiment that is everywhere the product of habits of sociability and economy, there—I know not from what causes—separates and disunites men, perhaps because in the unremunerative tilling

of the soil it is necessary to employ great perseverance and immense energy in order to draw a miserly harvest, a harvest that makes it necessary to economize, to consume sparingly, if one wishes to avoid the canine tortures of hunger common from time immemorial.

The physical aspects, the kinds of occupations, the monotony of the latter, have molded the spirit in a strange manner. There are to be noted in the man of the table-land a certain hardness of character, aridity of sentiments and the absolute absence of esthetic inclinations. The mind lacks strength for anything except to center itself upon the persistence of pain. A sinisterly pessimistic conception of existence is reached. There exist only pain and strife. All that springs from man is pure fiction; the natural condition of man is to be bad, as likewise is that of nature. God is severe and vengeful, he is believed to send all kinds of calamities and misfortunes.

The Indian is of medium stature, but rather tall than short, of pronounced copper color, of long, coarse, matted hair; he has eyes with a stern and disdainful look and thick lips; his countenance in general is little attractive, and it does not announce either intelligence or kindness; on the contrary, although as a common thing the face of the Indian is impassible and mute, it does not reveal all that stirs within his soul.

His character possesses the harshness and aridity of the wilds. He is hard, spiteful, selfish, cruel, revengeful and distrustful. His life is bare and hard, to an unbelievable degree. He knows neither comfort nor repose. He enjoys no pleasures, and he is ignorant of luxury.

All that does not belong to him personally he regards with the resigned passivity of a brute, and he lives without enthusiasm, without longings, in simple quietism. When he feels himself much oppressed or his miserable interests are attacked, then he protests, becomes irritated and fights with extraordinary energy.

Probably in the remote period of their invasion of the plains of Callao, these Indians knew no other government than the military one of the leader of the band,

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who guided them, like the Tartars of the fifth century. Of simple and rude habits, they had hardly been elevated in religion to the primitive conception of an ultra-mundane life, and, as a consequence, to the worship of the dead, which formed the basis of their beliefs, and the rituals of which were all that distracted their life from labor and war. It was thus that the diligent Cieza still found them in his excursions during the first years of the sixteenth century, and although, under the influence of the official religion of the Incas, they recognized the existence of the Ticci Viracocha of the Quechuas in heaven, "but, deceived by the devil," says the chronicler, "they worshiped divers gods, like all the gentiles . . . and when

they became vassals of the Incas they built at their command great temples, both on the island of Titicaca and at Hatuncolla and elsewhere."

This race, hungry and servile, could not be the one to elaborate that culture of the refined and exquisite sentiment of idealism which has remained inscribed upon the pages of stone at Tiahuanaco. The great theogonic conception that took form in this stupendous monument, as in other monuments of its character, as we shall have occasion to prove later, is a product elaborated by a long evolution of culture, which, if developed without the aid of auxiliary civilizations, delays in the concretion of its forms and the representation of the ideal for thousands of years.



THE INNOVATOR

JOSÉ BATLLE Y ORDÓÑEZ

BY

FOLCO TESTENA

The description of a statesman and journalist who, in the opinion of the author, "is the man of all South Americans best known and most highly esteemed in Europe." In sketching his character and accomplishments, the author gives an insight into the political, social and religious life of Uruguay which he qualifies as "the country of all noble and audacious experiments," characterized by the absence of capital punishment, abolished forty years ago, and of genuine poverty, and the existence of divorce, a national eight-hour law and a provision by which the government grants subsistence to striking workmen, that they may not be forced by hunger to yield to unjust demands on the part of employers.—THE EDITOR.

I DO not know the real value of Artigas.¹ The opinions of the historians have not succeeded in producing in me an absolute conviction: between the brutal and unintelligent leader, of some, and the national hero, of others, there is room for an intermediate figure, that of one who exercised a decisive influence and assumed a high historical significance through the convergence of many factors—time, place, persons, circumstances. Regarding the other illustrious men of Uruguayan politics, I could not even give an opinion: some of them are very good, some very bad; I do not find among them any man of singular qualities—neither a Guizot nor a Talleyrand, neither a Caprivi nor a Bismarck, neither a Rattazzi nor a Cavour. It must be borne in mind that Uruguay has not had a century of existence; historically, the years of Spanish dominion are to be counted . . . backward.

I know not whether admiration and affection can have enlarged my vision, but it seems to me that the real man of politics, the creative even more than the reformative statesman; the mind that, from the knowledge of the past and the prevision of the future, extracts the rule for the present; the sure interpreter of the

Oriental² people in this historic era, the man who sees and foresees, is alive and has hardly entered into old age: he is José Batlle y Ordóñez.

He is sixty-two years old. The recognized leader of the great Red party, twice president of the republic, delegate to the Hague when the congresses of the Hague were solemn international assemblies, which the war, with its brutal realism, was later to cover with tragic sarcasm, José Batlle y Ordóñez is the man of all South Americans best known and most highly esteemed in Europe; in Uruguay he is loved by many to idolatry, and by many he is hated to malediction.

He has all the greatest defects that a man of politics can have; he is, in spite of everything, one of the best fathers of a family: it should be understood that his adversaries do not pardon him his defects and these defects trouble even his friends.

His physical characteristics are proportionate to his temperament: he has the exterior of a fighter. Beholding him, one thinks of Danton, sculptured by the Homeric adjectivation of Carducci: "Pallid, enormous."

A journalist for forty years, his pen is to-day still a club; the academy does not enter into his conception, he does not lose himself in theorizations. Is there an end to be achieved? Right at the end of all? With such a mode of being, it is impossible

¹José Artigas, the Uruguayan national hero, born in Montevideo, 1755; he died in Paraguay, 1851; he was one of the early revolutionary leaders, taking part in the establishment of Uruguay as a national entity. Juan Zorrilla de San Martín's work in two volumes, *La epopeya de Artigas* (Montevideo, 1910, Barcelona, 1916), is one of the chief sources of information regarding him.—THE EDITOR.

²That is, the people of Uruguay, which is, in the regional parlance, generally styled *La república Oriental del Uruguay*; the territory itself, *La banda Oriental*, from the fact that it occupies the strip on the east side of the río de la Plata.—THE EDITOR.

to live at peace with the world; but José Batlle y Ordóñez, although he be at bottom an unrepenting idealist, has of the world, that is, of men, a but slightly optimistic idea. He has lived much, he has lived intensely, he has lived in haste: he consequently knows the human soul, and from this knowledge he has extracted the conviction that a man ought to seek the peace of his own conscience rather than the sympathy of others. When we speak of North America, we may be in doubt, in determining which is the greatest living man who represents it and in a certain manner synthesizes it. Is it Wilson, or is it Roosevelt? For South America, however, there can be no place for doubt: among the many eminent men of the ten states that constitute southern America, men of singular value who are unknown in Europe, and even more, in America, there is but one, he who surpasses them all, who has no term of comparison—Batlle y Ordóñez; and to him is due the fact that, in the face of all obstacles, Uruguay is the first of the South American nations, in spite of the small number of its inhabitants.

I do not pretend to write an interview. I shall describe the impression received in a long talk with the great man: not what he said, but what I thought while Batlle y Ordóñez was speaking of his country, of the war, of the struggle between the democratic idea and the conservative idea.

In the little work cabinet that the great citizen has in the editorial office of *El Día*, in the midst of the serenity of the surroundings, of the few portraits that hang from the walls (the picture of Jaurès dominates that of a great living statesman), one breathes, I should say, the air of combat.

José Batlle y Ordóñez speaks with an undefinable air of weariness, of the measured, of the religious, almost. At times his expression lights up, and then you feel disturbed by the vivacity of his fixed pupils, and his voice has dry, metallic vibrations. Afterward the lids fall, the voice softens, the words come slowly; one divines that this man automatically weighs his speech, word by word, wishing to know if his voice expresses faithfully his thought;

he has something like a scruple lest he may involuntarily deceive us, hiding from us an idea or presenting it incomplete, altered.

Several years ago I attributed this sort of fear to the lofty sense of responsibility that characterizes the man. He was then president of the republic, and his sobriety of language, his care not to say anything more than it was prudent to say, was intelligible; on the other hand, with him the sense of moderation is a habit—he knows what he is saying, what may be said: beyond that, nothing.

Of such a man as this, a journalist always has a thousand questions to ask, and from such a one there is always much to learn; but my visit had no other definite end than that of saluting the admirable citizen, the man of democracy, one of the noblest exponents of world journalism.

No statesman has comprehended and adopted so many socialistic postulates as José Batlle y Ordóñez during his presidency. Numerous reforms carried into effect by the present president are due by perfect right to the former one: the law that affirms the right to life for all, in virtue of which any citizen may ask of the state the indispensable minimum for existence, was a conception of Batlle. This also is notable: that when a labor union is on a strike, it has the right to ask of the state the means of sustenance for its members and their families; thus, thinks Batlle, is eliminated the case, formerly too frequent, in which the laborers, who have a perfect right to ask for and obtain the betterment of their conditions for working and living, might be, after several days, forced to yield, without having secured anything, because the employers had conquered them through hunger.

The efficacy of this law is slight at present: genuine poverty there is none in Uruguay, and the laboring class is organized and therefore prepared for resistance in the syndicalists' movements; but the principle is there. Upon the edifice has been set up a lightning-rod: it is better if the bolt never strikes or strikes afar, but if it must strike, it has been foreseen, and foreseen in order to disarm it.

The other law of a social character is the eight-hour labor law. Without doubt it presents some difficulties. Any laborer, for example, might wish to be able, after working eight hours at a trade, to employ some hours at night in supplementary work. The law prohibits, and such an operative must give up the increase of earnings which would be most useful to him; but this partial objection is compensated by several advantages, some of them more important than others; above all, it reduces unemployment to almost nothing; then it stimulates individually to work better in order to have a right to be better paid; it develops the spirit and responsibility of class, thus maintaining a greater equilibrium between capital and labor, tending always to the greater evolution of the people; and in this way is given to the laborer time for repose and study, with a very notable increase in general culture and in public health.

Assuredly the law may appear ill-timed and the bourgeois, naturally greedy, does not weary of condemning it; but Uruguay is the country of all noble and audacious experiments: if in the economic field it has the eight-hour law, in the moral field it has the law of divorce.

Be that as it may, let Tartuffe weep as much as he will, the family in Uruguay, thanks to the law of divorce, is becoming something respectable.

Nevertheless, in spite of his comprehension of the socialist ideal, José Batlle y Ordóñez is bourgeois by condition, by mentality, by education, by spirit: he is bourgeois par excellence; if proofs were lacking to confirm this judgment, enough would be found in his conviction, translated into acts, of the necessity of a strong army.

The army of Uruguay, in relation to the country, is enormous; and he himself has made it so. On the other hand, it is true that, after the revolution of 1904, which cost the life of the *caudillo*⁴ Saravia, the White party has never dared to rebel, and it has only made certain absurd at-

tempts, in spite of the help of armies and munitions furnished by Figueroa Alcorta; therefore, the political reality of Uruguay being what it is, that is, the division of the country into two parties that will not compose their differences, it remains to be ascertained whether it be not preferable to pay a little dearly for the army, rather than to run all the risks of civil war.

Not long ago the socialists of Montevideo carried on against Batlle a long polemic upon this subject. The polemic was initiated in the socialist weekly. Batlle y Ordóñez invited the socialist Mibelli to develop his ideas in the columns of the *El Día*, which was his daily.

This stroke was worthy of the man. Celestino Mibelli, a young man of much genius, had been for many years the editor of *El Día*, and had left that daily because of a disagreement with Batlle y Ordóñez. Between the two therefore there did not exist cordial relations; but when the proprietor of *El Día* saw that the former editor, desiring to combat his politics, found himself in a situation of inferiority, for lack of a great daily in which to express his ideas, he offered his own; and it was in the columns of *El Día* that the polemic was waged.

Logic, it should be understood, was on the side of Mibelli, and Batlle issued from the fray beaten; but, as the logic of ideas is not always the same as the logic of events, the pragmatism of Batlle ended by triumphing definitely over the idealism of Celestino Mibelli. The bourgeois and the socialist strove together, one in the name of reality, the other in the name of ideality: one was right, the other will be right; and Batlle does not deny, but, on the contrary, affirms, that the morrow will belong to socialism. He thinks, however, that without a strong army the White party would to-day subvert the republic, would cause the whole edifice of democracy to totter and would therefore only retard the realization of socialism.

In the daily activity of this man vibrate all the struggles, all the fears, all the hopes of Uruguay: he is more than a great statesman, he is an apostle, and, what is worth more, he is without *pose* of any kind. As a journalist, he is invincible in polemics;

⁴A word that has become so generalized that it hardly need be glossed as a partisan or revolutionary chief or leader.—THE EDITOR.

and he does not limit his work to the great theoretical articles, to the leaders that belong to the chiefs, but he edits the daily news, when, in ten lines, must be included an exhortation, a vituperation and an admonition.

For a number of months *El Día* has been carrying on a terrible campaign against the priests, because of an unworthy Salesian whom the clericals undertook to save with their habitual solidarity of caste.

The other dailies, even the Red, have barely pointed out the fact, and in order not to disturb their readers, they have kept silent, except those that are manifestly for the church. Well then; read those notes charged with the logic and spirit with which *El Día* carries on its battle for youth, for decency and for truth: there is the pen of Batlle y Ordóñez who, as a journalist by breed, as a man of upright principles, knows that the theme is not what gives importance to an article, but the faith with which it is written and the end that is sought to be accomplished by it.

During this last season of the carnival, the clericals and the Whites, who are toward each other what one might call bread and cheese, attempted to boycott the feasts, because the executive did not prohibit the ecclesiastical disguise: the other dailies remained as silent as fishes; more still, the majority have defended the prohibition; but *El Día* has maintained that there ought not to be any prohibition—to citizens such as wished to protest against the unspeakable crime of the Salesian. *El Día* triumphed. Not only this, but in order that the impression should have beneficial effects and the people become habituated to distinguishing between faith and the priesthood, between religion and ecclesiasticism, between Christianity and the cloth, contemporaneously with the polemical articles it proceeded to publish a strong novel by Octave Mirbeau *Sébastien Roch*. While José Batlle y Ordóñez is fighting these battles for principle, he is working with ardor to effect the fusion of the Red forces, and thus to take away from the opposing party all hope of victory; at the same time he overlooks nothing that will add to the physical

education of the people. He has been able to understand, and he takes pleasure in it, that from the moment in which physical exercises have taken on development, the Uruguayan youth is more awake, more cheerful, more a believer in life.

Regarding the White party, the only judgment he pronounced was a sort of complaint: *it is the party that does not read*. It possessed a daily of its own, which had to suspend publication for lack of readers; why should one not be afraid of such a party? The fear is all the more justified, inasmuch as the White party succeeded, in the elections of July 30 of last year, in triumphing over the Reds: never was a victory more Vendean than this one; but it was a victory. The harmony of the Red party, which I am pleased to call the Garibaldian party, is therefore indispensable in order that the ignorant masses, especially those of the country, may not be led like sheep, by the planters and the friars, to the ballot-box to destroy the magnificent edifice erected amid errors and blows, during the twenty years of the reformatory government.

It would be interesting to be able to paint the picture of Uruguayan life as it may be viewed with a dispassionate but friendly eye; but in so brief an article this task is impossible. Thus, to the naked eye, are beheld a small country, a sparse population, slight and difficult resources, abundant envies, especially political, and individual capacities exceeding what is necessary; whence it results that, there being an infinity of leaders filled with energy and courage but deprived of any one to second them, party hatreds are profound and inextinguishable. An abundance of ideals in a few, an abundance of appetites in many; the servility and unconsciousness of the rural mass, the consciousness of liberative tendencies on the part of the citizen proletariat; agrarian wealth concentrated in the hands of sixty or seventy proprietors. It is a country which finds its equilibrium in a kind of profound disequilibrium. Montevideo is at the same time both a great and beautiful metropolis and a village.

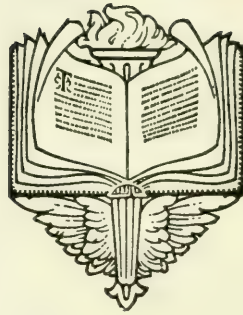
Across this stage strides in high relief

the figure of Batlle y Ordóñez: he is like a Titan who with robust muscles restrains the avalanche of reaction that constantly threatens to precipitate itself, and at the same time he pushes his country upward, always higher, into the serene heavens of democracy.

If we except a bust of bronze upon an unesthetic base which rises above the shore line of the "plain of Artigas," along

the river Uruguay, General Artigas has not yet a monument worthy of his name as the founder of the republic; within fifty years, if men are still afflicted with the malady of wrought stone, in each of the cities of Uruguay will arise a statue of José Batlle y Ordóñez. Upon the base with perfect right will be inscribed the phrase of Artigas:

With liberty, I neither offend nor fear.



THE FIRST BOOK BY AN AMERICAN WRITER

BY

PEDRO HENRÍQUEZ UREÑA

México had a printing-press about a hundred years earlier than the United States, or, to be exact, in 1537. The first works printed upon it were naturally by authors born in Spain and come to America. The claim that the first book by a native-born American was written by a Mexican, and struck from this press, has stood undisputed for many years. Recently a writer of Santo Domingo has been brought forward as the first American author. This article is a well documented discussion of the relative claims, in which its author concludes that the honor still remains with México.—THE EDITOR.

WHAT is the oldest book by a writer born in America? Don Joaquín García Icazbalceta,¹ in his *Bibliografía mexicana del siglo XVI*, (México, 1886), and don José Toribio Medina,² in the first volume of his *Imprenta en México* (Santiago de Chile, 1912), mention more than ten works published in New Spain by authors born there,³ and a few by authors whose origin is doubtful. The first of the indisputably Mexican authors, in the order of publication, was Friar Juan de Guevara, the author of the lost manual, *Doctrina cristiana en lengua huasteca*, which was printed in 1549.⁴ The second in order, and the first

who published a book in Spanish, was the Augustine, Friar Pedro de Agurto, the author of the *Tractado de que se deben administrar los Sacramentos de la Sancta Eucharistia y Extrema Unción a los indios de esta Nueva España*, 1573.

Don Carlos M. Trelles, however, in his *Ensayo de bibliografía cubana de los siglos XVII y XVIII*, Matanzas, 1907, attributes to the island of Santo Domingo, the first country colonized by the Spaniards in the New World, the probability of having given birth "to the first American who wrote and published a book," that is to say, Friar Alonso de Espinosa. The book upon which the señor Trelles founds his hypothesis is entitled: *Del origen y milagros de la Santa Imagen de Nuestra Señora de Candelaria, que apareció en la isla de Tenerife*, which, according to the *Biblioteca Hispana sive Hispanorum* of Nicolás Antonio, Rome, 1672, was published in 1541, seven years before the oldest opusculum by a Mexican author.

My investigations cause me to believe that Santo Domingo produced in Friar Alonso one of the most ancient writers of America. He was of the century in which lived the Dominican poetesses, doña Leonor de Ovando and doña Elvira de Mendoza, and, among Mexicans, not only Guevara and Agurto, but also, along with others less interesting, Tadeo Niza (whose historical work upon the conquest of México, which is said to have been written about 1548, did not reach the press), the

¹A distinguished Mexican historian (1825-1894), director of the Mexican academy corresponding with the Spanish Royal academy and the author of many historical, bibliographical and literary works.—THE EDITOR.

²A contemporary Chilean historian and bibliographer, the author or compiler of more than two hundred and thirty works, some of which are of monumental proportions. A brief epitome of his works, published in Santiago in 1914, which does not include the score or so of his books that have appeared since, fills eighty-eight small pages; the *Imprenta en México*, mentioned here, consists of eight quarto volumes, listing more than thirteen thousand titles of works published during the colonial period; señor Medina has probably done more for American bibliography and history than any other living person.—THE EDITOR.

³The author means, of course, during the sixteenth century.—THE EDITOR.

⁴Friar Juan de la Cruz, the author of the second *Doctrina cristiana en lengua huasteca*, printed in 1571, seems not to have been a Mexican, but a Spaniard.

physician Friar Agustín Farfán, the poets Francisco de Terrazas⁵ and Antonio de Saavedra Guzmán,⁶ and the historian Friar Agustín Dávila Padilla;⁷ and finally, among South Americans, Pedro de Oña⁸ and the Inca, Garcilaso de la Vega.⁹ Data

⁵Terrazas flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and a sonnet of his, said to have been published in manuscript in the city of México about 1580, may be regarded as one of the first pieces of polite literature contributed by a native-born American writer. The following are the sonnet and the English version of it:

Dejad las hebras de oro ensortijado
Que el ánima me tienen enlazada,
Y volved a la nieve no pisada
Lo blanco de esas rosas matizado.
Dejad las perlas y el coral preciado
De que esa boca está tan adornada;
Y al cielo, de quien sois tan envidiada,
Volved los soles que le habéis robado.
La gracia y discreción que muestra ha sido
Del gran saber del celestial maestro,
Volvedselo a la angélica natura;
Y todo aquesto así restituído,
Veréis que lo que os queda es propio vuestro:
Ser áspera, cruel, ingrata y dura.

Renounce these threads of twisted gold that close
In glinting ringlets round my captive will;
And on the virgin snowdrift in repose
The tinted whiteness of these roses spill.
Of pearls and precious corals that adorn
This mouth enticingly, be thou but shorn;
And to the heavens, by which thou'rt envied still,
Return the stolen suns that thou hast worn.
The grace and wisdom, which as symbols stand
Of knowledge springing from the Source Divine,
Surrender to the far angelic sphere;
And thus renounced the gifts of Nature's hand,
Behold, that which remains to thee is thine:
To be ungrateful, cruel, vain, austere!

⁶Born in México about 1575, he went to Spain in his early manhood; he is said to have written his long poem, *El peregrino indiano* (Madrid, 1599, reprinted in México, 1880), while crossing the ocean; it is a history in verse of the conquest of México; the New York Public library possesses one of the rare copies of the first edition of this work.—THE EDITOR.

⁷Friar Agustín Dávila y Padilla was born in 1604; he became prior of Puebla and, later, archbishop of Santo Domingo.—THE EDITOR.

⁸A poet, born in Chile, in 1571; the author of the epic: *Arauco domado*, which treats of the supposed conquest of the Indians of Arauco, in southern Chile.—THE EDITOR.

⁹One of the Spanish conquerors of Perú; born in Badajoz, Spain, he died in Cuzco, Perú, in 1559; he accompanied Cortés and Pedro de Alvarado in their campaigns, and later, Francisco Pizarro, whom he served effectively, and then Gonzalo Pizarro in the expeditions to the Amazon; after being named governor of Cuzco, he married Coya, an Inca princess of the blood; espousing the cause of the Indians and delighting to be called the "Inca," he was one of the few conquerors who ended his days in tranquillity.—THE EDITOR.

are lacking for supposing that Friar Alonso was the most ancient of all. The book upon the *Candelaria de Tenerife*, his or another's, was not published in 1541. The primacy continues therefore to belong to Guevara and Agurto.

Here is what we know regarding the Dominican writer:

He was a son of this city (that of Santo Domingo)—the reverend father, Friar Alonso de Espinosa, a Dominican monk, who wrote an elegant commentary upon Psalm XLIV. *Eructavit con meum cerbum bonum.*

This was said by Gil González Dávila in his *Teatro eclesiástico de la Santa Iglesia Metropolitana de Santo Domingo y vidas de sus obispos y arzobispos*, which forms a part of the *Teatro eclesiástico de la primitiva iglesia de las Indias Occidentales*, Madrid 1649-1655.

Is this Friar Alonso de Espinosa the same Dominican monk who wrote an exposition, in Spanish verse, of Psalm XLIV, *Quem ad modum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum*, and the book upon the *Imagen de Candelaria*, in which he claims to have assumed the garb in Guatemala? The priest, Juan de Marieta, in the second part of his *Historia eclesiástica de España*, three volumes, Cuenca, 1594-1596, makes the author of the *Candelaria*, "a native of Alcalá de Henares," and he declares that he still lived in 1595. Nicolás Antonio¹⁰ identified the two Espinosas, and he asserted that Friar Alonso Fernández did the same. Probably the priest Fernández was speaking of the subject in his *Notitia Scriptorum Praedicatoriae Familiae*, an inedited work of which mention was made by the great bibliographer of the seventeenth century. since I discover nothing in the *Historia eclesiástica de nuestros tiempos*, Toledo, 1611.

Beristáin¹¹ (*Biblioteca hispano-americana septentrional*, three volumes, México, 1816-1821), accepted the identification of the two Espinosas, but with an intent contrary to

¹⁰A celebrated Spanish bibliographer (1617-1684), born in Sevilla.—THE EDITOR.

¹¹José Mariano Beristáin y Souza, a learned Mexican bibliographer (1756-1817), born in Puebla: he spent some time in Spain, and when the revolution broke out he was numbered with the Spanish party; on the work cited rests his principal claim to renown.—THE EDITOR.

that of Nicolás Antonio: if the latter argues in favor of a European birth, the former is for an American. Espinosa is spoken of by Altamuro—a writer regarding whom I have been able to secure nothing, but who appears not to have been well informed—and by the priest Antonio Remesal, in whose *Historia de la provincia de San Vicente de Chiapa y Guatemala, de la orden de nuestro glorioso padre Santo Domingo*, Madrid, 1619, I have only been able to find accounts (pages 712 and following) of another Espinosa, of Oajaca: this second or third Friar Alonso, mentioned very briefly, appears not to have been born in Guatemala, and Beristáin distinguishes him, with all clarity, from the double personage with whom I have occupied myself.

I am not convinced of the identification upheld by Nicolás Antonio. The proofs in opposition, however, are not yet complete. The two Espinosas coincide in name, in religious garb and probably in period: because, although I do not possess any data relative to the Dominican, it is inferred that he lived in the sixteenth century, since Friar Alonso Fernández wrote much after the beginning of the seventeenth century. They do not coincide either in place of birth or in the works they wrote. The likeness in the theme of the psalm is superficial: the Dominican friar comments, in prose, on the forty-fourth; the Complutensian amplifies, in verse, the forty-first.

We have here textually what Nicolás Antonio says in the first edition of his *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*:

F. Alphonsus de Espinosa, Compluti apud nos natus, cujus rei testis est Ioannes Marieta, Sancti Dominici amplexatus est apud Guatemalenses Americanos regulare institutum; at aliquando in fortunatas insulas, potiolemque illarum Tenerifam advectus, non sine superiorum auctoritate scripsit.

On the origin and miracles of the image of our lady of the Candelaria. Anno 1541. 8: *Eodem tempore pro facultate impetranda typorum, & publicae lucis, ad Regium Senatam detulit, ut moris est, de Interpretatione Hispanica Psalmi XLI, Quemadmodum desiderat Cervus ad fontes aquarum & a se versibus facta.*

Alphonso Spinosae in insula Sancti Dominici nato, huiusmet instituti Dominicanorum, tribuit

aegidius Gonsalez Davila in Theatro Indico—Ecclesiastico elegantem Commentarium super Psalm XLIV. Eructavit cor meum & quem cur a superiore distinguam, non video, uti nec distinguit Alphonsus Fernandez.

Whether we accept or not the identification between the Espinosa of Alcalá and the one of Santo Domingo, the work which, according to the señor Trelles, might be the first published by an American writer, did not see the light of day, in the year 1541, but in that of 1594. The date of 1541 is an *erratum* of the editions of Nicolás Antonio; it is evident that the bibliographer wrote in 1591, since he alludes to the license for the publication of the book upon the *Imagen de Candelaria* in which he mentions the poetical work upon Psalm XLI. The date of 1545, which Beristáin gives, is nothing more than a new error.

The book on the *Imagen de Candelaria* could not have been published before 1591. The author speaks, in chapter III, of events of 1590, and his *probemio*¹² is dated at the convent of Candelaria, in Santa Cruz de Tenerife, May 14, 1590. The approbation given by the good Carmelite poet and friar, Pedro de Padilla; the privilege of the king (both refer to the book upon the Candelaria and the work upon Psalm XLI); the license of the vicar-general of Las Palmas, the testimony of the vicar-general of the Canarias (Canary islands), all bear the date of 1591. The book was printed, finally, by Juan de León, in Sevilla, in the year 1594. There exist copies of this princely edition in the collection of the Hispanic society of America, in New York, in that of the British Museum, and in that of the Duke de T'Serclaes in Sevilla. I have consulted the first of these; the second is spoken of by the illustrious Americanist, Sir Clements Markham; and the third, by don José Toribio Medina (*Biblioteca hispano-americana*, Santiago de Chile, 1898-1907). The copy of the Hispanic society belonged to León Pinelo; it measures fourteen by ten centimeters and, as it is without the title-page and the colophon, they have been photolithographed on loose leaves. The title-page says:

¹²Old or incorrect spelling of *proemio*, proem.—
THE EDITOR.

DEL ORIGEN
Y MILAGROS DE LA

Santa Imagen de nuestra Señora de
Candelaria, que apareció en la Isla
de Tenerife, con la descripción
de esta Isla.

Compuesto por el Padre Fray Alonso de Espinosa
de la Orden de Predicadores, y Pre-
dicador de ella.

(Cut of the Virgin with the Child in her arms)

CON PRIVILEGIO.

Impresso en Suilla en casa de Juan de Leó.
Año de 1594.

*Acosta de Fernando Mexia, mercader de libros.*¹³

The work is divided into four parts or books: the first of them treats of the Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of the Canaries; the second, of the appearance of the image (before the conquest, according to

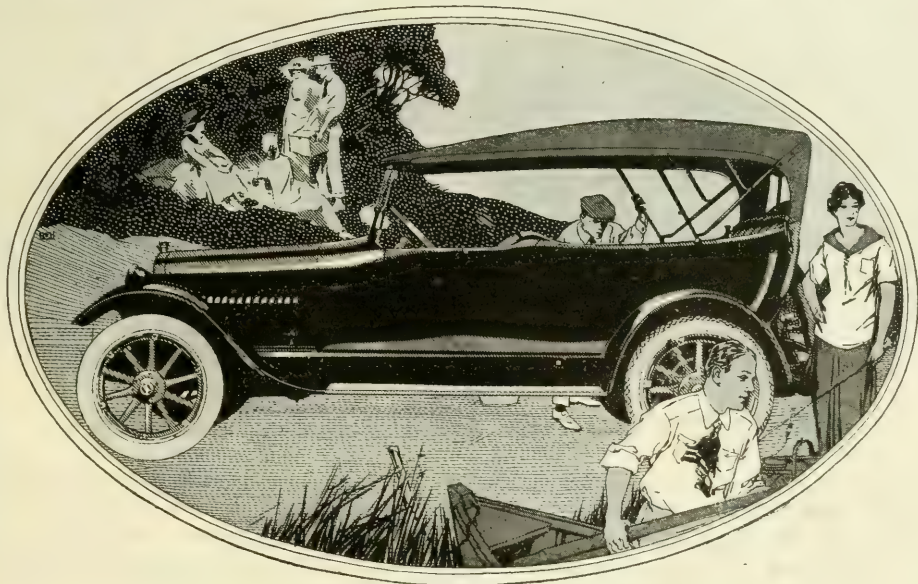
legend); the third, of the invasion and conquest of the islands by the Spaniards; the fourth, of the miracles attributed to the image. It was reprinted in 1548, as a part of the *Biblioteca isleña*, published in Santa Cruz de Tenerife, and recently it was translated by the Englishman Sir Clements Markham, with the title of: *The Guanches of Tenerife. The Holy Image of Our Lady of the Candelaria*, and the *Spanish Conquest and Settlement*, by the Friar Alonso de Espinosa (publications of the Hakluyt society, London, 1907).

¹³On the origin and miracles of the holy image of our lady of the Candelaria, who appeared in the Island of Tenerife, with a description of this island. Composed by Father Friar Alonso de Espinosa, of the order of Preachers, and a preacher of it. Printed in Sevilla at the house of Juan de León. Year 1594. Acosta de Fernando Mexia, bookseller.—THE EDITOR.



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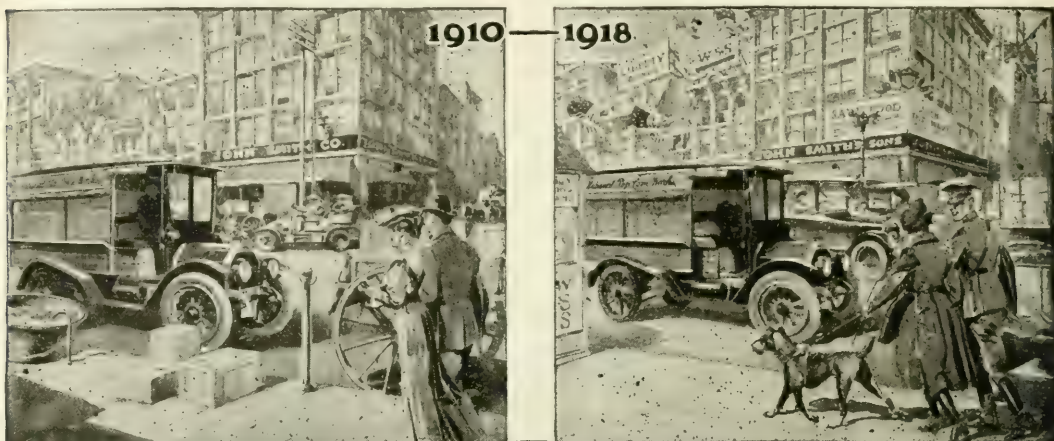
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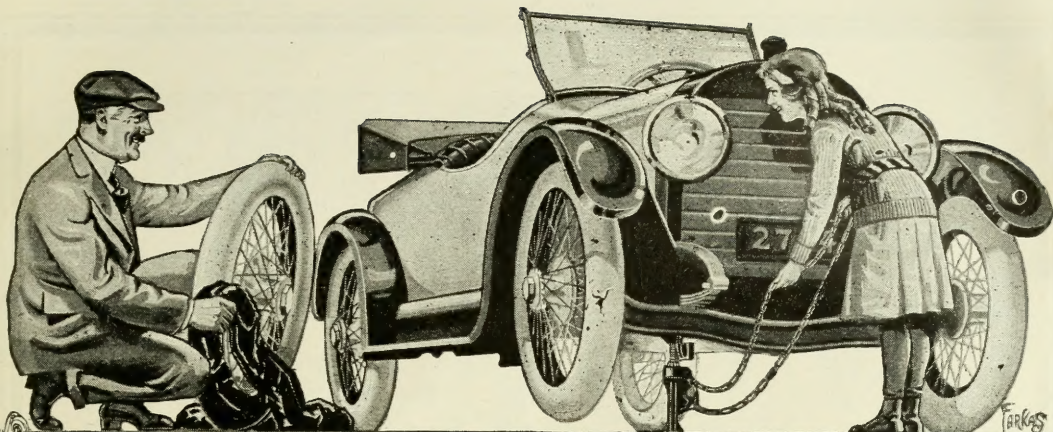


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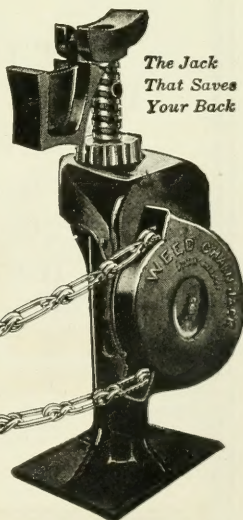
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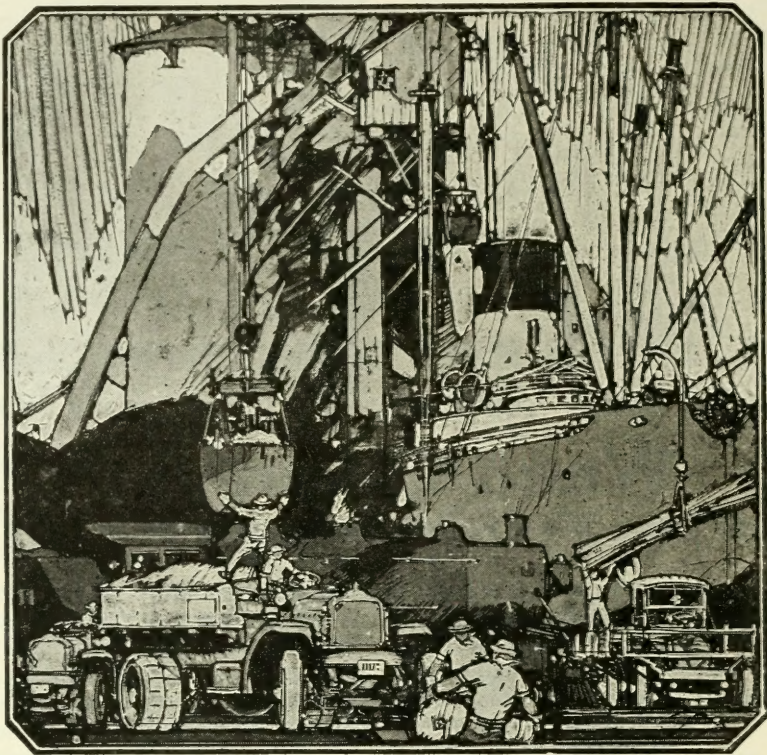
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The Next Step in Inter-American Relations, An Address Delivered before a National Conference on Foreign Relations of the United States, Held under the Auspices of the Academy of Political Science, Long Beach, New York, May 28-31, 1917, by Peter H. Goldsmith, Bulletin No. 14. August, 1917.

In Spanish or Portuguese

- Asociación Americana para la Conciliación Internacional—División Panamericana. Anuncio. Enero de 1914.
Instituciones Docentes en los Estados Unidos. Marzo de 1914.
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